



WITHDRAWN

WITHDRAWN

GREAT MISSIONARIES
OF
THE CHURCH

BY
THE REV. CHARLES C. CREEGAN, D.D.
AND
MRS. JOSEPHINE A. B. GOODNOW

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY THE
REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D.
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

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PREFACE.

THE admirable Introduction to this volume, from the pen of my friend, the Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D., makes a formal preface unnecessary. I wish, however, to acknowledge the kindness of those who have made this book possible by their timely aid.

My best thanks are due to the proprietors of that excellent Christian paper, *The Congregationalist*, in whose columns eight of these sketches have already appeared, for permission to republish them, together with fifteen others, in permanent form. As a fitting recognition of the invaluable aid I have received from Mrs. Josephine A. B. Goodnow of Dubuque, Iowa, her name has been placed on the title page.

I have also received valuable assistance in the matter of data, and in other ways, from Mrs. Mary E. Logan, late missionary in Micronesia; Miss Clementine Butler, Newton Centre, Mass.; the Rev. James Mudge, Lowell, Mass., late associate of Bishop Thoburn in India; the Rev. Ross Taylor, New York; and Mr. James D. Creegan of Brooklyn.

I wish also to acknowledge many courtesies from the publishers at whose suggestion the book has been prepared, and who have, through their artistic and mechanical work, left nothing to be desired.

The reader will miss the names of some famous missionaries of this century; but the plan of the book will be seen, when it is observed that we have representatives from seven denominations and sixteen mission lands. To include all the missionary heroes of our time would require several volumes.

If these sketches help to deepen sympathy for missions, and to increase gifts to the cause, and if they may be the means of leading some of our young people to follow the example of these noble men, who have given their all to build up Christ's Kingdom, they will have fully answered the purpose for which they are now sent forth.

C. C. C.

BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK,

May 10, 1895.

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INTRODUCTION.

I CAN scarcely conceive of a more useful book for young people to own and study than this most interesting volume of missionary biography.

If it is a vitally necessary thing for young Christians who would develop the most intelligent type of religious character to know the lives of the apostles of old, and to become familiar with their acts as recorded by the pen of inspiration, it is scarcely less important that they should study the later and no less thrilling acts of later apostles of the church.

In this volume the acts of the apostles are continued in graphic and interesting chapters. Young people everywhere, whatever their age or sex (for there is many a young man and woman with heart fresh

and unfurrowed, though the brow may be wrinkled by three-score years and ten), enjoy stirring adventures, lively incidents, and heroic stories.

No less interesting to every healthy mind is a well-written biography, a story which tells of the actual hopes and fears and joys and acts of a living man. This volume combines the excellences of the spirited story of adventure, and the graphic biography of real men and women. What more happy combination could be found? The biography in almost every case is a story of adventure; the story of adventure is a biography—a life history of some great man or woman.

After having taken a long journey through many missionary lands, my deliberate and often recorded opinion has been that, if we seek for heroes to-day, we will find them, for the most part, on missionary soil. Not that many a humble, inconspicuous life is not lived most heroically at home. I would not belittle with a single adjective of faint praise the splendid devo-

tion of humble Christians. But if we are speaking of conspicuous heroism, of lives which God has marked as eminent examples to the world, we must look for them very largely on the frontier of our own land where our home missionaries have gone, or in the dark nations of the world to which our foreign missionaries are carrying the light of gospel truth.

I am glad to record again that missionary work in all the various Protestant denominations, in all parts of the world, is, in my eyes, the most promising and hopeful feature of modern civilization. For the enlargement of commerce, for the spread of civilization, for the uplifting of humanity, for the redemption of the world, there is no such force as that which is exerted by the Anglo-Saxon missionaries of the cross, the ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ.

If this opinion is true of the average missionary to-day, at work in the foreign field, and I believe it is, how doubly true is it of the great missionaries of the

church, Patteson and Carey and Nee-ima and Williams and Taylor and Livingstone.

It only remains to be said that this most interesting subject is treated by its authors in a way worthy of their theme. With this book in his hands, no one can say that missionary biography is dull, stale, and uninteresting. No one will yawn over insipid pages, or read only from a sense of duty these charming chapters. If more light and more knowledge are the great prerequisites for larger interests and larger gifts, then I believe that this volume will do not a little to kindle to a brighter flame the interest of Christians in missionary themes.

Already the fire has begun to blaze in many a young heart. In a multitude of young people's conventions no theme to-day is so interesting as the missionary theme. No subjects so stir the hearts and quicken the pulses of a host of young disciples as those connected with the winning of the world to Christ. This book will supply the fire of enthusiasm with the

one fuel that is needed—the fuel of information.

If this result is accomplished, then the missionary treasuries will feel the influence of this book. To some extent the mountainous debt should be scaled down, and the treasuries, refilled as this volume goes from family to family on its blessed mission of information and inspiration.

FRANCIS E. CLARK.

BOSTON, *April 8, 1895.*

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TO

The Young People of Our Day,

THIS VOLUME

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

WILLIAM CAREY,

Missionary to India.

BORN AUG. 17, 1761; DIED JUNE 9, 1834.

WILLIAM CAREY.

WILLIAM CAREY, "the father and founder of modern missions," was born at Paulersbury, Northamptonshire, Eng., Aug. 17, 1761. It is believed that his early ancestors were of considerable social prominence; yet at the time of his birth his father, Edmund Carey, was a journeyman weaver with a moderate income; but in 1767 he obtained the twofold office of schoolmaster and parish clerk.

William was taught by his father, and soon began an eager pursuit for knowledge, books of science, history, and travel being of especial interest to him. When very young he had great fondness for botany, and many were the specimens he brought home as a result of quests amongst the lanes and haunts of Whittle-

bury Forests. Physical ailments unfitted him for outdoor occupations; and at the age of seventeen he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and thus linked, says Dr. George Smith, to a succession of scholars and divines, poets and critics, reformers and philanthropists, who have used the shoemaker's life to become illustrious.

A revolution took place in William Carey's life at his eighteenth year. Though brought up as a strict Churchman, as became the son of the parish clerk, he had fallen, through association with dissolute companions, into error; but owing to the efforts of a fellow-workman, he became converted, and from this time to the close of his life he was a devout student of the Scriptures. On June 10, 1781, he married Dorothy Plackett, his employer's sister-in-law. Mrs. Carey had little sympathy with her husband's tastes, but he always treated her with noble tenderness. Domestic and business troubles followed him closely. In her second year his little girl was taken from him; he himself was stricken with

fever; starvation was staring him in the face, when his brother, only a youth, came to his relief, and, with the aid of friends, secured for him a little cottage in Piddington, where Carey, besides continuing his shoemaking, opened an evening school. Attending the meetings of the association at Olney, Carey met the future secretary of the missionary society, Andrew Fuller. As a result of this meeting, Carey began to exercise his gifts as a preacher. The Dissenters in his native village soon sent for him to preach for them. His mother went openly to hear him, and declared if he lived he would become a great preacher; his father, being the parish clerk, heard him clandestinely on one occasion, and, though a reserved man, expressed himself as highly gratified.

Soon after Carey united with the church at Olney, and was by that body formally set apart for the work of the ministry. A field of action soon offered in Moulton, where he, after many preliminaries, was ordained pastor of the Baptist church.

Here his income was only ten pounds per annum; and after failing to increase it by teaching, he resumed his shoemaking in connection with the ministry. During the time of his pastorate in Moulton, Mr. Carey brooded continually over the condition of the world, and became convinced that the spreading of Christianity was a responsibility which all the converted ought to assume.

In April, 1789, Carey was called to the pastorate of Harvey Lane Church at Leicester. Here he was brought into association with men of culture, and books were freely placed at his disposal. The course of events was now rapidly moving toward the formation of the missionary society. At the annual meeting of the association held at Nottingham, Carey was one of the preachers. He chose for his text Isa. liv. 2, 3, which was paraphrased as follows: "Expect great things from God," "Attempt great things for God." The impression made by the discourse was so decided that the following resolution was passed:

“That against the next meeting at Kettering, a plan should be prepared for the purpose of forming a society for propagating the gospel among the heathen.”

The meeting was duly held on October 2, and a collection of thirteen pounds made; so the great missionary enterprise was duly inaugurated. At this time a ship surgeon, John Thomas, who had been in India, and had preached to the Hindus, had just returned to England, and was trying to establish a fund in London for a mission to Bengal. Carey suggested that it might be desirable for the society to co-operate, and a resolution was passed to send Mr. Thomas and Mr. Carey into India as missionaries. Many difficulties arose before their final departure, June 13, 1793, when Mr. and Mrs. Thomas and their child, Mr. Carey and his family, consisting of wife and three children, embarked. After a voyage of five months they arrived at Calcutta, November 9.

Thomas's knowledge of India was an advantage to Carey; but his lack of judg-

ment, and the debts he had incurred in his residence there, estranged from the missionaries some European Christians who had otherwise been their friends. Calcutta being found too expensive as a place of residence, they removed to Bandel for a time. But no facilities for missionary work were afforded them there ; so they returned to Calcutta, where they underwent vicissitudes of all kinds until June, 1794, when Mr. George Udny, at Malda (a former friend of Mr. Thomas), offered the management of two indigo manufactories respectively to Carey and Thomas. The factory which Carey was to superintend was at Mudnabatty ; and besides a salary of 200 rupees per month, he was promised a commission upon the sales. Carey at once communicated with the secretary of the society that he should not need more supplies, and expressed the hope that another mission be begun elsewhere. The duties at the factory allowed time for the work of the mission.

Mr. Carey made such progress in the

study of Bengalee as to be able to preach intelligibly to the natives. He started a school, and worked vigorously at translation. In the midst of his great work he lost his little son Peter, and finally was himself prostrated with the fever, which lasted several months. Carey remained in Mudnabatty until Jan. 10, 1800, when, with his wife and four children, he joined a little colony of missionaries, who, through his influence, had come to India and settled at Serampore, a little village founded by the Dutch in 1755.

The missionaries found a home in a large house in the middle of the town, purchased from a nephew of the Danish governor. They lived in perfect unity, "and what one had was another's," and thus began the great missionary enterprise at Serampore. The name of the first Hindu convert was Krishnu Pal, and the baptism of this native was a most memorable scene. Carey going down into the river, taking first his son Felix and baptizing him, using English words; then Krishnu went down and was

baptized, the words being in Bengalee. All was silence and attention. The governor could not restrain his tears, and every one seemed to be impressed with the solemnity of this sacred ordinance.

Feb. 7, 1801, saw the issuing of Carey's translation of the New Testament. On the completion of this great undertaking, a special meeting was convened for the purpose of giving thanks unto God. The publication of the Bengalee New Testament naturally directed attention to Mr. Carey. The eminent scholarship it disclosed pointed him out at once as the teacher who might fittingly occupy the Bengalee chair in the government college at Fort William. His first position was that of teacher of Bengalee, afterwards of Sanscrit and of Mahratta, with a salary of £600 per annum.

From teacher he became professor. As professor of the three Oriental languages his emoluments rose to £15,000. But the whole of this income, with the exception of some £40 needed for the support of

his family, he devoted to the interests of the mission. Carey held his position of professor until 1830, within four years of his death, and proved himself more than equal to his office, winning the esteem and affection of students and colleagues alike. It was not to be expected that the Serampore labors would be allowed to proceed without political interference. Serious difficulties arose, threatening not only the existence of the press, but of the mission itself. As the time drew near for the renewal of the East India Company's charter, the friends of missions directed their efforts toward securing the introduction of clauses permitting the free entrance of missionaries into India, and liberty to propagate the Christian religion. The bill passed the Commons, July 13, and was accepted by the Lords, and entrance was granted.

The new chapel at Calcutta was duly opened, Jan. 1, 1809, and Carey conducted the week-day services there. And while his professional engagements and his literary

pursuits detained him often in Serampore and Calcutta, yet he eagerly seized any opportunity that arose for itinerating, with a view to extending Christianity. In 1807 Mrs. Carey died, having long suffered from insanity; and in the following year Carey married Miss Charlotte Rumohr, of noble Danish descent. She entered heartily into all the concerns of the mission, and was a great help to her husband until her death, which occurred in 1820.

Besides translating the Bible into seven different languages, Mr. Carey wrote grammars and elementary books of all the languages he had acquired. The improvement upon native paper for press purposes, by manufacturing it so as to be proof against destruction by insects, was an immense advantage gained by the ingenuity of the missionaries, and the importation of a steam-engine of twelve horse-power for working their paper-mill was a striking evidence of the enterprise of these men.

No memoir of William Carey would be complete which did not record his benevo-

lent endeavors to improve the social condition of the natives of India. The first reform he helped to effect was the prohibition of the sacrifice of children at the great annual festival at Gunga Sangor. Another reform to which Carey gave his determined attention was the abolition of burning widows on the pile of their dead husbands.

The benevolent institutions for instructing the children of indigent parents originated in the philanthropic sympathies of Carey; and in the year 1817 no less than forty-five schools had been established. A leper hospital was founded, and a vernacular newspaper published.

Carey possessed in not a few branches of natural history a knowledge so scientific that it was more than sufficient to command respect. His practical knowledge of botany and agriculture resulted in very material benefit to India, and lays that country under a debt of obligation which can never be discharged. In 1817 was begun the missionary training institute, which afterwards grew to a college, and

was placed upon the same basis as other colleges of Europe.

For forty-one years William Carey was spared to labor for the good of India. He outlived nearly all who were associated with him in his prolonged residence, unbroken by any return to England. He died June 9, 1834.

During his lifetime Carey's great attainments called forth honorable recognition. Brown University in the United States conferred upon him the degree of D.D. The Linnæan, Horticultural, and Geological Societies admitted him to their memberships; and men of high position, such as the Marquis of Wellesley and Lord Hastings, extolled his worth. But he cared little for worldly praise; his great desire "to be useful in laying the foundation of the Church of Christ in India" was surely accomplished, and he wished for "no greater reward," "no higher honor."

JOSEPH HARDY NEESIMA.

BORN, JAN. 14, 1843; DIED, JAN. 23, 1890.



XI.

JOSEPH HARDY NEESIMA.

· PERHAPS no single private life can better portray genuine Japanese characteristics than that of Joseph Hardy Neesima. In 1843, ten years before Commodore Perry entered the Bay of Yedo, he was born. His father served a prince whose palace was in the city of Yedo.

The feudal system being in existence, boys were preferred to girls in the families of the samurai, as male heirs alone could perpetuate their rank and allowance. Four girls having preceded Neesima, his grandfather hearing of a male born into the family cried "Shimeta!" an exclamation of joy at the realization of some long cherished hope; and the boy was called Shimeta, the name being written after Neesima, as is usual in Japan.

Neesima's parents were Shintoists, and in his fifth year Neesima was taken to the temple of the god supposed to be his life guardian to offer thanks for his protection. The occasion was a joyous one, and Neesima was as gayly dressed as the heirs of the nobility at an English christening.

Neesima's father was a teacher of penmanship, and many pilgrimages were made to the temple of Japanese hieroglyphics. Several gods were kept in the home, to which the family made offerings. Neesima worshipped these gods until he was fifteen years of age, and then, seeing they did not partake of the food provided for them, refused to do so.

At an early age he developed studious habits, but was very shy, and having some slight impediment in his speech, was sent to a school of etiquette, where he acquired graceful manners and polite conversational style. He was selected by the prince to attend a military school which had been established under the auspices of the Shogun, but later he gave up these exercises and

devoted himself to the study of the Chinese classics. Again he was fortunate in being one of three selected to take lessons in Dutch from a native teacher called by the prince to the court to teach his subjects. Afterwards the prince promoted Neesima to the position of assistant teacher in a Chinese school.

Soon after this, Neesima's prince and patron died, and was succeeded by his brother, a man of inferior education. Neesima, now fifteen years of age, was obliged to commence service to the prince, his business being to sit in a little office connected with the front end of the castle and watch the hall, and, with other youths, to bow profoundly as the prince went out or came in, and to pass the rest of the time in gossip and tea-drinking. This life was intolerable to him, and he often planned to escape it by running away from home ; but love of family, a strong Japanese characteristic, kept him under his father's roof until he was seventeen years of age, when the war cloud caused by the imperial party rising against

the Shogun threw the country into fearful commotion, and Neesima was chosen as a life-guard to his prince. While thus engaged he pursued his studies under great difficulties, but always with untiring persistency; and he was allowed time to go to the Shogun's naval school for lessons in mathematics. Here one day he caught sight of a Dutch warship lying at anchor in Yedo Bay. "This dignified sea queen," compared with the "clumsy disproportioned Japanese junks," proved an "object lesson" to Neesima; and there was born within him the great desire for the improvement of himself and his country. The winter of the same year he had an opportunity to go by steamer to Tamashima. This was his first liberation from his prince's "square enclosure," and his first experience with different and individual ideas; his horizon widened, and he was filled with new desires for freedom.

Returning to Yedo, and sympathizing fully with the "imperial party" yet bound by the moral code of Confucius to "the

services of love and reverence to parents," Neesima became *distract* and restless, and his life might have been entirely perverted had not destiny intervened. In being asked of the formative influences of his life, Neesima, looking back to this time, might well exclaim with Charles Kingsley, "I had a friend." This "friend" had a small library, and among the books proffered for his use Neesima found a Japanese translation of Robinson Crusoe, and among several Chinese books an historical geography of the United States by the Rev. Dr. Bridgman of the North China Mission, a brief History of the World, written by an English missionary in China, Dr. Williams's little magazines, and a few books teaching the Christian religion, and published at Hong-Kong or Shanghai. Speaking of these books, Mr. Neesima in later life said, "I read them with close attention. I was partly a sceptic, and partly struck with reverential awe. I became acquainted with the name of the Creator through those Dutch books I had studied before; but it never came

home so dear to my heart as when I read the simple story of God's creation of the universe on those pages of a brief Chinese Bible History. I found out that the world we live upon was created by his unseen hand, and not by mere chance. I discovered in the same history that his other name was the 'Heavenly Father,' which created in me more reverence towards him, because I thought he was more to me than a mere Creator of the world. All these books helped me to behold a Being, somewhat dimly yet, in my mental eye, who was so blindly concealed from me during the first two decades of my life."

At this time no missionaries were allowed in Japan. So Neesima, recognizing God as the only father to whom he owed life fealty, determined to break the environments of his youth, and to leave temporarily his home and country. With some difficulty he obtained first his prince's, then his parents', sanction to leave Yedo, ostensibly to go to Hakodate, and in the spring of 1864 went thither. Neesima, always thinking

of his country and its conditions, watched closely the people of Hakodate, and, painfully cognizant of their corrupt existence, determined that Japan needed moral reformation more than mere material progress. His desire to visit a foreign land he confided to a Japanese clerk employed by an English merchant. This friend at midnight and with great difficulty conveyed Neesima in a row-boat alongside an American vessel, whose kind-hearted captain had consented to take the Japanese boy as far as China. At Shanghai, Neesima was transferred to the American ship *Wild Rover*, whose captain employed Neesima to wait upon the table; and not liking "Shimeta," called "his boy" Joe, and was uniformly kind to him. After a four months' voyage the ship reached Boston Harbor; and through the kind interest of Captain Taylor, Neesima was introduced to the owner of the *Wild Rover*, Mr. Alpheus Hardy, one of Boston's noblest philanthropists.

He became at once interested in the

boy, and, with Mrs. Hardy, assumed the responsibility of his education. In September, 1865, he entered the English department of Phillips Academy, Andover. Here he remained until 1867, when his benefactors sent him to Amherst. His letters during his student life tell of frequent illnesses, which at times interfered with his work, of his tramps through different States during vacation, of letters from his Japanese parents, of his anxiety about his home affairs during the rise of the princes against the shogun in 1868-1869, of his growing spirituality, and of his heartfelt gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Hardy.

In a letter dated March 21, 1871, Neesima writes that he met in Boston, Mori, the Japanese minister sent to Washington by the mikado. Mr. Mori offered to reimburse Mr. Hardy for Neesima's educational expenses, and thereby make Neesima subject to Japanese government. Mr. Hardy at once declined the proposition. On Sept. 17, 1871, Neesima wrote to Mrs. Hardy that he had received a passport from the

Japanese government, and that from the same source his father had received a paper saying: "It is permitted by the government to Neesima Shimeta to remain and study in the United States of America." In 1872 an embassy representing the imperial government of the mikado visited America and Europe on visits of inquiry into Western civilization; and Minister Mori summoned Mr. Neesima to Washington to meet the embassy, and to assist Mr. Tanaka, the commissioner of education. In this way Mr. Neesima became acquainted with the most progressive men of new Japan, whose friendship in later years was of great value to him. Fearing, however, that his plan to return to Japan as a free advocate of Christianity might be endangered, he carefully stipulated that Mr. Mori should state to the embassy that any service desired of him would be undertaken only under a contract that freed him from all obligation to the Japanese government.

Under these circumstances he was en-

gaged, and soon proved so valuable an assistant, that Mr. Tanaka insisted upon his accompanying the embassy to Europe. There he gave all his time to the study of the best methods of learning in schools and institutions of all grades ; and on the basis of his reports was built to-day's educational system in Japan. From this European trip with the embassy Mr. Neesima returned to Andover in September, 1873.

In March, 1874, Mr. Neesima formally offered himself to the American Board, and July 2 was appointed corresponding member to the Japanese mission. He was graduated as a special student from Andover Theological Seminary, and ordained in Boston, September 24.

The Board held its sixty-fifth annual meeting at Rutland, Vt., that autumn, and Mr. Neesima spoke on the establishment of a Christian college in Japan. By his soul-felt enthusiasm the young Japanese carried his audience with him ; \$5,000 was at once subscribed, and Neesima's dream became a reality.

In October, after an absence of ten years, Neesima left New York for his native land. The changes that had taken place there seemed to him almost incredible. He found a national line of steamers, lighthouses at all important coast points, a general telegraphic system, a postal service, an organized navy, and a railway between Yokohama and the capital. In the treaty ports small Protestant churches had been established; but in visiting his parents at Annoka, directly after his arrival in Japan, Neesima was the first to carry the gospel to the interior, and here he founded one of the most genuinely Christian communities in Japan.

Neesima arrived at Osaka, the home of the American Board Mission, Jan. 22, and here he planned to establish a Christian school with a broad collegiate course; but meeting with opposition, he gave up the project, and turned his steps towards Kyoto. Here he met with many and varied difficulties, but by persistent effort opened, Nov. 25, 1875, the Doshisha, with

eight pupils. The winter of 1875 was one of hardship and discouragement; but assisted by the Rev. J. D. Davis, D.D., he maintained the school, which constantly increased in numbers.

On Jan. 2, 1876, Neesima was married to the sister of the counsellor to the Kyoto Fu. She had been a teacher in the government school for girls, but her engagement to a Christian caused her discharge.

After her marriage she entered fully into her husband's life-work; and in their house, provided by Mr. J. M. Sears of Boston, services were constantly held, and Christian teaching promulgated.

From 1876 to 1884 Mr. Neesima's life was filled with trials, and obstacles of every kind threatened the very existence of the Doshisha. The fact that the school, while nominally a Japanese company, was in reality supported from foreign means, caused an attack which compelled Mr. Neesima to write to the Prudential Committee for a permanent endowment; and in November, 1879, he received the joyful tidings that

the year's appropriation of eight thousand dollars would soon be placed under his direction for the educational work in Kyoto.

The keynote of true teaching was struck by Mr. Neesima's effort to disseminate Christianity through an educated ministry. In 1880 he writes: "Try to send out choice men, — Christians must not be charged with being ignoramuses, — or we shall be ridiculed for our lack of learning as well as for our faith. We need the broadest culture and Christian spirit to counteract the downward tendency of our educated youth."

Through all his work Mr. Neesima entertained the hope born at Andover of a Christian university at Japan, and determined to raise endowments for history, philosophy, political economy, law, and medicine. His personal activity in this direction was incessant; but, his health failing, he accepted in 1884 an invitation for rest and change from the Board, and visited Europe and America. During this trip he everywhere inspected schools and colleges,

and noted in detail methods and results, and made plans of buildings and apparatus.

He arrived in Boston, Sept. 27, 1884; but even there he was not freed from care and responsibilities. The outlook in Japan was broadening, and the demand great to place the Doshisha upon a university basis; and he was looked upon as the medium between Japan and the source of its supply. In December it became necessary for him to go to Clifton Springs, N.Y., for rest at the Sanitarium. He left there in March, 1885, somewhat better in health, and cheered by the news that fifty thousand dollars had been appropriated for the Japan mission. He arrived at Yokohama Dec. 12, 1885, "and found five hundred friends, students, teachers, relatives, and prominent citizens," assembled there to meet him. The day after this the tenth anniversary of the Doshisha was celebrated, and the corner-stone of two new buildings laid. The school was in a flourishing condition; and the Japanese boy of

long ago was now, by acclamation of its faculty, president of the college.

Two years later Amherst College conferred upon Neesima the degree of doctor of laws. May 17, 1887, an income of not less than twenty-five hundred dollars per annum was assured to the Doshisha by the American Board. In April, 1888, a meeting was held in the great Buddhist temple of Chionin in Kyoto, to consider the question of a university endowment. In July a dinner was given to Mr. Neesima by the late minister of foreign affairs, that he might present this question to distinguished Japanese guests. At this dinner Mr. Neesima fainted, worn out by his efforts. The result of the meeting was a pledge of thirty thousand dollars to the university. In the summer of 1888 he was told by his physicians that he had not long to live, and by their advice was taken to a mountain resort (Ikao) ; here he was cheered by the gift to the Doshisha of a hundred thousand dollars from Mr. J. N. Harris of New London, Conn. Writing to

Mr. Harris, Mr. Neesima says, "A donation like this is unknown and unprecedented in our country."

During the summer months of 1889 Neesima's health seemed to improve; and after seeing the foundation for the new science building laid, he went to Tokyo to work for the endowment fund; but rest was again advised by his physicians, and he went to Oiso; and here, Jan. 23, 1890, he died.

On the news of Mr. Neesima's dangerous illness, the students of Doshisha were with difficulty restrained from proceeding in a body to his bedside. On Jan. 24 the body was taken to Kyoto, where the funeral services took place, Jan. 27, in presence of the school, graduates from all parts of the empire, city authorities, and representatives of foreign missions. In the procession (a mile and a half in length) was seen a delegation of priests bearing the inscription, "From the Buddhists of Osaka." Truly no private citizen ever died in Japan whose loss was so widely

and so deeply felt as that of Mr. Neesima. On the plain below Kyoto stands his outward monument, the Doshisha, from whose walls have come the most powerful factors in the civilization of new Japan ; but in the lives of the men about him is written the endurance of his influence, the divinity of his soul.



WILLIAM BUTLER.

Missionary to India and Mexico.

BORN, 1818.

WILLIAM BUTLER.

It was the happy Christian experience of an old blind harper that forged the first visible link in the chain of providences which brought William Butler from a life of careless ease to the work of preaching the gospel. The poor sightless musician doubtless felt that he could do very little for the Master he loved, — naught save to testify of his goodness; yet God honored his quiet, consistent life by giving him thus a share in the work of bringing the world to the feet of Christ.

William Butler was born in Ireland in 1818. Early left an orphan, he was for some years in the care of a godly great-grandmother, who used to induce the little lad to mount a chair for a pulpit, and, clad in an improvised surplice, to read

the lessons for the day from the Church of England Prayer-book. This little service was a great comfort to the venerable old lady, who was unable longer to attend church. In his early manhood, however, he lived without any serious aim in life, until the question, "Do you pray?" was put to him by a gentle lady, an entire stranger, who had found the joy in believing described to her by the old harper, and who was eager for others to find it also. The thoughtfulness induced by this question led to his conversion, and dedication to the Christian ministry.

Soon after graduating from Didsbury Theological Seminary in England he came to the United States, where he joined the New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. During his pastorates he devoted much of his study to the condition of the heathen world, preaching missionary sermons, and publishing articles on the subject in the church periodicals. After a few years the project of a mission in India was taken up by the missionary

Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and appeals were issued to the ministry for some one to offer himself to go and begin the work; but for more than three years no one fitted for the position was found. Mr. Butler shared the anxiety of the secretaries and bishops lest the enterprise should fail for want of a suitable leader. On account of his four young children he hesitated to offer himself; but finally his sense of the great need of the people of India led him to consult with the authorities, and soon he was appointed superintendent of the new mission. His wife bravely seconded him in his determination; and, leaving two boys at school, they sailed for India in 1856.

On their way they stopped in London to confer with the secretaries of the different missionary societies as to the most desirable field for the Methodist Church to enter where no other agency was at work. On reaching Calcutta, the same inquiries were made as to the most needy provinces; and Oudh and Rohilcund, in the Gangetic

valley, with their twenty millions of souls, were selected as the field of the new mission. The people were intensely hostile to Christianity; and the feeling of unrest in the native army culminated in the dreadful atrocities of the Sepoy Rebellion, only ten weeks after Dr. and Mrs. Butler had begun their work in Bareilly. They were compelled to fly to the mountains, where at Naini Tal they found a refuge for the weary months of anxiety and danger. Their nearest missionary neighbors, of the Presbyterian mission, on the other side of the Ganges, who had fled from Futtyghur for safety, were cruelly massacred, Dr. Butler's home was burned, and a gallows erected for him in the public square at Bareilly, the rebel leader there expressing his great disappointment when he found that the missionary had escaped. The first Eurasian assistant, a young lady, was killed; and the native preacher Joel, who, with his wife, had been spared by the Presbyterian missionaries to aid in beginning the mission, escaped only after enduring many perils.

The church at home believed that Dr. and Mrs. Butler had perished, as no tidings of their safety could reach the outside world; and an obituary was published, so certain did it seem that they had suffered with the many scores of Christian people who fell in that terrible uprising of Moslem hate and heathen superstition. Dr. Butler's first and only experience in handling firearms was at this time, when he and eighty-six Englishmen held the pass up to their place of refuge against the three thousand Sepoys who were sent to capture them. The history of this trying time has been graphically told by Dr. Butler in his "*Land of the Veda.*"

As soon as peace was restored, the work was begun again, with large re-enforcements from the United States. The principal towns of the two provinces were supplied with foreign missionaries, and from these centres the work was pushed out into the villages round about. Earnest street preaching, the distribution of the Scriptures, and hundreds of little schools,

were the methods of seed-sowing which in due time have brought forth an abundant harvest.

From the first, Dr. Butler's plan for the missions was to avoid controversy, but to preach Christ as a Saviour for all who will accept him. The first convert from Mohammedanism in this mission was won by this holding up of the cross of Christ to the view of sin-sick souls. He was in the crowd which gathered around the missionary as he stood and preached in the bazaar, and told in simple language what God had done for him in forgiving his sins for Christ's sake. The Mohammedan was greatly moved ; and, seeking the missionary alone, he asked him if he had really experienced this relief from the load of sin of which he had told them in the bazaar. On being assured it was true, he sought and found the same pardon, and became one of the most successful of the native ministers.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society came to aid this work with its devoted agents for the special need among the

secluded women in the zenanas. Their medical work, begun by Dr. Clara Swain in 1870, the first woman to go as a physician to the women of the East, has accomplished wonders in breaking down the barriers raised against Christianity. The work of the Methodist Church now extends all over India, and before the close of its forty years of existence counts eighty thousand members who have been brought to Christ, with many thousands more under its instruction and influence.

After ten years of service, Dr. Butler returned to the United States in broken health, coming by sailing-vessel around the Cape of Good Hope during the closing days of our Civil War. His description of their anxiety during the four weary months on board that passed without any news from the scene of conflict, and of the tremendous effect of the statements made by the pilot as he came on board off the coast of England and announced that the war was over the Union saved, and that the great Lincoln had fallen, is not one of

the least of thrilling tales that Dr. Butler relates in his lectures.

In 1870 he was appointed secretary of the American and Foreign Christian Union, which had as its especial object evangelical work in the Republic of Mexico, just then opening to Protestant influences. This continued till 1873, when some of the churches began to feel that more could be done through separate missions of each denomination; and Dr. Butler was asked to go to Mexico, to establish the work there as he had done in India. Entering the republic soon after the troublous times which ended the so-called Empire of Maximilian of Austria, he found religious liberty in the constitution of the land, though it was as yet imperfectly understood by the masses. Threats of violence were frequently made by the fanatical part of the population, and many times the missionaries' lives were imperilled; but the law has upheld the right of religious liberty, and only one foreigner has lost his life, though many of the Mexi-

cans have suffered bitter persecution, and death. In six years the mission was firmly established; and Dr. Butler returned home in shattered health, but soon recovered sufficiently to go up and down throughout the Methodist Church, urging the claims of the missionary work with an eloquence and enthusiasm well nigh irresistible, thus greatly aiding the devoted missionary secretaries in bringing up the contributions of the churches to a more generous figure.

It is a very unusual thing for a missionary to be given the privilege of seeing, after many days, the harvest from the seed he had planted, and another had watered, and to which God had given a wonderful increase. That joy is reserved for the most of the servants of God until the "Well done!" of the Master opens up the eternal bliss of heaven. For Dr. and Mrs. Butler this happy experience began in this life, when in 1883 they went back to India to review the progress of the work. Landing in Bombay, they were welcomed by large congregations of native Christian

people; and at every principal station throughout the empire loyal greeting was given to those who came alone, only about thirty years before, with no Christian to stand with them amidst the millions of idolaters and followers of Islam. Now they were received by thousands of native members, who sang, "The morning light is breaking, the darkness disappears," as they welcomed "the Father and Mother of the Mission," with a rejoicing that was a foretaste of the joy of the home-coming in the better land. Truly the little one had become thousands, and darkness and superstition are being put to flight.

Perhaps the most affecting sight of this happy journey was at Chandausi camp-meeting, where Dr. Butler arrived somewhat unexpectedly at the large tent where about eight hundred native Christians were gathered for an early morning service. Joel, the native helper, who had been a faithful minister since the beginning of the mission, was leading the congregation in prayer. It seemed as if Dr. Butler could

hardly restrain himself until the petition was finished, when he stepped forward and placed his hands on the shoulders of his beloved fellow-laborer, whose now sightless eyes could not look upon his face, but whose heart recognized the loving touch of his old superintendent. In a moment they were clasped in each other's arms, while the audience rose and sang, as the tears rolled down their cheeks in sympathy with the joy they beheld, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." No wonder that one of our missionary secretaries should say, "I would rather found a mission than an empire"!

After an extended tour through the various missions, Dr. Butler returned to plead with still greater fervor for this blessed work. His account of the wonderful successes crowning the efforts to evangelize that great people was again an inspiration to the whole Methodist Church. In 1887 he went to revisit Mexico, where he found the work equally full of promise, even if not yet realizing the results of years of

labor as fully as the older and larger mission of India. There among the faithful workers was his son, one of the lads who had been so reluctantly left behind when he first went to India, now devoting his life to the redemption of Mexico. Liberty of opinion had gained favor among the people of our sister republic ; and the idea of a heart religion, rather than a mere change of form, had become more apparent to the converts. The noble President of Mexico, General Porfirio Diaz, has afforded every protection to Protestant work that the constitution provides ; and peace throughout the land has given opportunity for preaching the gospel to the thousands who eagerly hear. In the volume, "Mexico in Transition," written since this visit, Dr. Butler traces the hand of God working in the marvellous events of the history of Mexico that have brought the republic to its present state of freedom and prosperity.

This "veteran missionary of two continents" is passing his declining days in

Newton Centre, Mass., and though in very feeble health, finds great joy in reading the reports which reach him weekly of the glorious victories in the fields which lie so near his heart. By his pen he still pleads for the missions of the church, his latest effort being to secure chapels for the village Christians in India. He is no pessimist, but glows with enthusiasm as he recounts what God has wrought during the present century of missionary effort, and of the manifold agencies of good now being exerted by all branches of the Christian church. He says that God has fulfilled his promise of the "hundred-fold in this life," and he doubts not of the fulfilment of glorious promise of life eternal.

ADONIRAM JUDSON.

Missionary to Burmah.

BORN AUG. 9, 1788; DIED APRIL 12, 1850.

ADONIRAM JUDSON.

As Carey was the father of modern missions, Judson was the father of American missions. The thought was no doubt in many minds, and in that circle of young men from which sprung the American Board, each no doubt owed much to the others; but partly from his own strong gifts of body, mind, and downright moral consistency, Judson was the first to carry out in actual missionary life what to others was a plan, a hope, a prayer.

Born Aug. 9, 1788, eldest son of the Congregational minister at Malden, Mass., he could read when three years old, was acute with figures when ten, and, proud and ambitious, entered Brown University, where at nineteen he graduated first in his class. His college course won only

praise; but his brightness brought him under the influence of a sceptical college friend, and he came home to declare himself to his father, with characteristic downrightness, an infidel. His father was then minister at Plymouth; and there the son taught school for a year, at this time publishing a school grammar and an arithmetic. He had some thoughts of dramatic writing, and made a tour of travel as far as New York, for a time travelling with a theatrical company.

Returning to Sheffield, Mass., where his uncle was minister, he arranged for a farther journey westward; but was much impressed by a young minister who preached there by exchange; and next day, setting out, took lodging at a country inn, where a young man lay very ill in the adjoining room. Judson was restless, thinking of this man, sick and away from home; and next morning learned with deep feeling that he had died; and, hearing his name, was overwhelmed to find that it was his sceptical college friend. His scheme of

travel seemed now impossible ; his infidel theories melted away ; and he turned his horse's head toward Plymouth, and next month entered an advanced class at Andover Theological Seminary. He joined his father's church in Plymouth the next May.

In the seminary he read Buchanan's "Star in the East," and Syme's "Empire of Ava," and became associated with Samuel Nott, and Samuel J. Mills, Gordon Hall, and others of the Williams College "Haystack" company ; and though offered a tutorship at Brown University, and an associate pastorate with Dr. Griffin in Boston, he devoted himself to foreign missionary work.

He had already written to the London Missionary Society ; and, after consultation with the teachers and ministers near Andover, he joined his fellow-students in a letter to the Massachusetts General Association of Congregational Churches, which met at Bradford, June 29, 1810, asking advice and help towards missionary service.

This letter was signed by Judson, Nott, Mills, and Samuel Newell.

There had been in existence since 1799 the Massachusetts Missionary Society, organized to carry the gospel to the Indians, and to cultivate the missionary spirit ; but the General Association now organized the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and commended the young men to its direction.

Judson was first sent to London to ask the co-operation of the London Society. His ship was captured by a French privateer, and he was imprisoned on ship and in France ; but escaped to London, where he was cordially received ; but later it was thought best to send him abroad without English assistance. He was married Feb. 5, 1812, to Miss Ann Hasseltine, daughter of the minister at Bradford ; Feb. 6 he was ordained, and on Feb. 19 he sailed with his bride from Salem for Calcutta.

On the long voyage he became convinced that the Baptist doctrine was in agree-

ment with the Scripture ; and after reaching Calcutta he applied to the English Baptist missionaries at Serampore, and, with his wife, was immersed, and resigned his connection with the American Board.

The East India Company presently ordered him and his fellow American missionaries to return home, subsequently allowing them to go to Mauritius. There Mrs. Newell died ; and Mr. Rice, who had also become a Baptist, went to America to urge the organizing of a Baptist Missionary Society. Judson and his wife, after four months in Mauritius, largely spent in mission-work with English soldiers, sailed for Madras, hoping to establish a mission at Pulo-Penang, in the Strait of Malacca. But the only ship sailing in that direction took them to Rangoon in Burmah, beyond the protection of the British flag, where they arrived July 13, 1813. There a son of Dr. Carey had occupied the English Baptist mission-house ; but he was absent, and soon afterwards resigned the mission in their favor.

Burmah was then an independent empire, with a population of about eight millions; the government an absolute despotism, arbitrary and most cruel; the religion Buddhism. Rangoon, near the mouth of the Irrawaddy, is the natural depot of much of Central Asia, and was a strategic centre for Christian missions. It was then a dirty town of about ten thousand inhabitants, intersected by muddy inlets, which filled at high tide. Here Judson began his permanent work.

Two languages were to learn — the common Burmese, and the sacred Pali. The younger Carey had not preached, but had partly made a grammar and dictionary; and Judson at once began his translation of the Bible, which he finished in 1834.

In 1815 Mrs. Judson had to go to Madras for medical advice. That year their first child was born, a little boy who died in infancy. In 1816 Judson seemed breaking down, and hurriedly collected the notes he had made for a Burman grammar. It was published twenty years later, and

greatly praised for comprehensive and concise accuracy. Partially recovering, he imported a printing-press from Serampore and a printer from America, and published his "View of the Christian Religion," the first of a series of tracts that had a strong influence with that thoughtful and reading people. Mrs. Judson also published a catechism.

These publications were followed by the appearance of *Inquirers*, the first one coming March 7, 1817, and marking an epoch in the work.

With a deepened sense of the need of evangelistic work, Judson now went to Chittagong to find some native Christian who could preach and teach in Burmese. He was unexpectedly detained there seven months, during which his wife, with some missionary helpers who had joined them, maintained the work under vexatious persecutions, displaying great endurance and wonderful skill and diplomacy with the native authorities; and later going through the trials of an epidemic of cholera. On

his return Judson built an open *zayat*, a shed of bamboo, for public evangelization, with a room for assemblies of worship, and another, opening on the garden, for women's classes. The *zayat* was on a main public thoroughfare, under the shadow of the chief pagoda. Here he conversed with men of different classes, some of profound Oriental learning, and saw how the scepticism of European philosophy has been anticipated in the subtler scepticisms of India, which have undermined Oriental faith, and made preparation for a faith more rational.

The first regular service was held in the *zayat* April 4, 1819, Judson having been in Rangoon nearly six years, and then first venturing to preach in the native tongue. The 27th of the following June he baptized his first Burman convert, MOUNG NAU.

In November there were rumors of persecutions, and public services were suspended for several Sundays, and two new converts were baptized privately; and greater interest bringing new threats from the authorities, Judson went to Ava, the capital, to lay

the matter before the king. The journey and return consumed over two months, and seemed rather to produce more explicit threats ; and Judson resolved to remove to Chittagong, under British rule.

But now the little circle of converts awoke to independent life and courage. They could not bear to be scattered, but begged that, if the missionaries must go, it would not be till their membership was increased to ten, and they organized under some leader to hold them together and help their Christian life. Departure was therefore postponed ; and ten months later the tenth convert and first woman was received into the church. This was on the eve of Judson's sailing to Calcutta with his wife because of her ill health ; and through this absence the little church stood steadfast even under persecution.

Then the persecution ceased. A girls' school was opened ; and the work took so interesting a form that, though Mrs. Judson's health compelled her to go to America, her husband remained at Rangoon.

He was now joined by Dr. Price, a medical missionary, whose remarkable success, especially in operations for cataract, led to his being summoned to Ava, to the king; and here Judson thought it best to accompany him.

This movement brought the whole missionary work at once under favorable notice of the court. There was no more talk of persecution, but apparently the largest opening for greatly enlarged work. Judson came into the presence of the king, and received the royal invitation to transfer his work from Rangoon to the capital; and after Mrs. Judson's return from America with improved health, and with re-enforcements for Rangoon, they removed to Ava, arriving there in January, 1824.

The court favor at Ava, however, was clouded over by a change of ministers, almost before their actual arrival. Many postponements and hindrances impeded their work, in spite of the favor held by Dr. Price's medical reputation; and in a few months the outbreak of war between

Burmah and England threw the mission into confusion and dismay. There was a general suspicion of all persons of English speech; and ere long Judson, Dr. Price, and five others were arrested and thrown into prison.

This imprisonment lasted for eleven months in the "death-prison" at Ava, and afterwards for six months in the country prison of Oung-peu-la. Mrs. Judson was not arrested, though her house was searched and all valuable property confiscated. She made almost daily visits to the prison, though often refused admittance, and also to the palace, maintaining the respect and friendship of some of the court, and was able to carry her husband food and clothing, and after some months to build him a little bamboo shed in the prison yard, where he could sometimes be by himself, and where at times she was allowed to be with him. In January, 1825, a little daughter was born to her; and a few months later she went through an epidemic of small-pox.

The horrors of Judson's imprisonment can only be imagined ; crowded into narrow quarters with over a hundred common criminals, loaded with fetters, at first three pairs of fetters, afterwards five pairs, with no conveniences for cleanliness or even decency. After eleven months the captives were suddenly removed from the city prison, and with agonizingly painful marching taken to the country prison of Oung-peu-la. There, after days of weariness and pain, at night, for security, a bamboo pole was passed between the fettered ankles of a string of prisoners, and then hoisted by ropes till their shoulders only rested on the floor. Daily and nightly torture, racking fever, half starvation, and daily anticipation of death, marked these terrible months.

But the success of the British arms at length compelled the king to send Judson and Dr. Price as interpreting envoys to negotiate peace ; and the British commander made his first absolute demand the release of the missionaries, and the Judsons returned to Rangoon. During his impris-

onment his unfinished manuscript translation of the Bible was hid by his wife in a cotton pillow on which he slept. This was thrown aside as worthless when his prison was changed, but was found and saved by a native convert.

The Rangoon church being scattered, a new mission was begun at Amherst on British territory, but later removed to Maulmain, a more important centre. This greatly prospered, though they had no more their youthful strength; and during Judson's absence at Ava, attempting to secure religious toleration, his wife died of a fever, and he returned soon to lay their little child by her side.

With broken heart and health he became almost wildly ascetic; living much alone, fasting and praying whole days in the woods. He relinquished part of his slender missionary pay, and made over to the Board about six thousand dollars, including presents and fees from the British government for treaty-negotiation service, and some private means brought origi-

nally from home. In 1830 he again attempted to penetrate Burmah, living six months at Prome, half-way between Rangoon and Ava, but was driven back by Burman intrigues. He then began a work among the wild Karens of the jungle, and with great success.

In 1834 he married Mrs. Sarah Boardman, widow of a fellow missionary. He completed his Bible, pronounced by Dr. Wayland the best translation in India, and by Orientalists "a perfect literary work."

In 1845 his health and his wife's was so broken that they sailed for Mauritius, and from there for America; but she died Sept. 1, while in port at St. Helena. Judson, with three children, reached Boston on Oct. 15.

He was in America till July, 1846, and, before re-embarking for India, was married to Miss Emily Chubbuck, who was known as a writer under the name of Fanny Forester.

His last years, 1846-1850, were spent in another earnest but unsuccessful at-

tempt to break through Burman bigotry, in the continuation of his Burman dictionary and other literary work, and in the forwarding of the general missionary enterprise.

Towards the end of 1849 his health declined alarmingly. His sixty years had contained more wear and strain than come to many a long life. The "keen sword had worn out the scabbard." In the spring of 1850 it was hoped that a sea voyage might help him; and he was carried on shipboard April 8, but died April 12, and was buried at sea.

The late Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D., in writing of the illustrious missionary whose name he bears, says: "Park Street Church in Boston, whose call the Spirit constrained Judson to decline seventy-five years ago, is still a large body, numbering perhaps a thousand members; but the church in Burmah, which that same Spirit led Judson to found, numbers to-day thirty thousand communicants, with a great company beside who have fallen asleep." ✕

JOHN G. PATON.

Missionary to the New Hebrides.

BORN MAY 24, 1824.



JOHN G. PATON.

JOHN GIBSON PATON was born May 24, 1824, near Dumfries, in the south of Scotland. His father was a stocking-maker; and although his family was little blessed in this world's goods, it was devoutly religious. When young John had reached his fifth year, the family moved to a new home in the ancient village of Torthorwald.

Their new home was of the usual thatched cottage, plainly but substantially built. It was one-story, and was divided into three rooms. One end room served as the living-room of the family, the other as a shop, and the middle one was the family sanctuary. To the sanctuary the father retired after each meal to offer up prayer in behalf of his family. Paton himself says: "We occasionally heard the pa-

thetic echoes of a trembling voice, pleading as if for life ; and we learned to slip out and in past that door on tiptoe, not to disturb that holy colloquy." Is it strange that from this family there should come three ministers of the gospel ?

In early boyhood John was sent to the parish school, presided over by a man named Smith, who, although of high scholarship, was often unreasonable when in a rage. At one time his temper got the best of him, and he unjustly punished Paton, who ran home. Returning at his mother's entreaty, he was again abused, and left the school never to return. He now began to learn his father's trade, making an effort at the same time to keep up his studies. The work was hard, and he toiled from six in the morning until ten at night. At this time he learned much in a mechanical line which was of use to him later in the missionary field. He saved enough money from his wages to enable him to attend Dumfries Academy for six weeks. As a result of his earnest endeavor

to keep up his studies since leaving the parish school, he was able now as a young man to obtain a position as district visitor and tract distributor of the West Campbell Street Reformed Presbyterian Church in Glasgow, with the privilege of attending the Free Church Normal Seminary. There were two applicants for the position; and as the trustees could not decide between them, they offered to let them work together and divide the salary, which was £50 a year.

Paton's health failed him, and he returned home. After recovering fully he returned to Glasgow, where he had a hard struggle with poverty. At one time, having no money, he secured a place as teacher of the Mary Hill Free School. This school had a bad reputation, many teachers having been forced to leave it because of trouble with the scholars. Paton managed by force of kindness to make friends of all the pupils; and when he finally left, the school was in a more prosperous condition than it had ever been before.

After leaving the school, he took a posi-

tion as a worker in the Glasgow city mission. In this work he was remarkably successful. For ten years he was engaged in these labors, keeping up the study of theology all the time. Then, hearing that a helper was wanted to join the Rev. John Inglis in the New Hebrides, he offered himself and was accepted. This step was distasteful to many, who insisted that there were heathen enough at home ; but, as Paton says, those who spoke thus invariably neglected the home heathen themselves. On the 16th of April, 1858, Mr. and Mrs. Paton set sail from Scotland in the *Clutha* for New Hebrides.

They stopped a few days at Melbourne, and from there sailed for Aneityum, the most southern of the New Hebrides. In twelve days they arrived off Aneityum ; but the captain, a profane and hard-hearted man, refused to land them, and the landing was made with great difficulty, with the help of Dr. Geddie, in mission boats. They decided to settle on the eastern shore of Tanna, a small island a few miles north

of Aneityum, which was inhabited by ferocious savages. Mr. and Mrs. Mathieson, co-laborers with them, settled on the north-western shore of the same island.

The natives on Tanna were sunk to the lowest depths of heathenism, going about with no covering save an apron and paint—having no ideas of right or wrong, worshipping and fearing numerous gods, living in a continual dread of evil spirits, constantly fighting among themselves, and always eating the bodies of the slain—such were the creatures whom Paton and his wife hoped to bring to a knowledge of the gospel.

They landed on Tanna the 5th of November, 1858. On the 15th of February, 1859, a child was born to them. Mrs. Paton's health from this time on was very feeble, and on March 3d she died of a sudden attack of pneumonia. Unaided and alone, the bereaved husband buried his beloved wife. Over her body he placed a mound of stones, making it as attractive as he could, and then with a heavy heart

turned to his work. Soon after the child, a boy, followed the mother. These two sorrows came as a terrible blow to Paton, and for some time he was prostrated. He rallied, however, and began to work hard and steadily to enlighten those poor savages, who upon every occasion robbed and abused him.

Mr. Paton, writing of this period, says: "On beholding these natives in their paint and nakedness and misery, my heart was as full of horror as of pity. Had I given up my much-beloved work and my dear people in Glasgow, with so many delightful associates, to consecrate my life to these degraded creatures? Was it possible to teach them right and wrong, to Christianize or even to civilize them? But that was only a passing feeling. I soon got as deeply interested in them, and all that tended to advance them, and to lead them to the knowledge of Jesus, as ever I had been in my work in Glasgow."

The greatest opposition to his work was occasioned by the godless traders on the

island, who caused more trouble than did the natives themselves. These traders did not relish the idea of the natives being taught the gospel, for they feared to lose their influence over them. They incited the different tribes to fight with each other, and then sold arms to the contestants. They stirred up bad feeling against the missionaries, and urged the natives to either kill or drive them away.

From the time he landed until he left Tanna, Paton was in continual danger of losing his life. Again and again armed bands came to his house at night to kill him. He himself said that he knew of fifty times when his life was in imminent danger, and his escape was due solely to the grace of God. Only once did he resort to force, or rather the appearance of force. A cannibal entered his house, and would have killed him, had he not raised an empty pistol, at sight of which the cowardly fellow fled.

The feeling toward him became so hostile that he was obliged at last to leave his

house, and take refuge in the village of a friendly chief named Nowar. Here he prepared to leave that part of the island, and sail around to Mr. Mathieson's station. He secured a canoe, but when he went to launch it he found there were no paddles. After he had managed to get these, the chief Arkurat refused to let him go. Having prevailed upon the vacillating savage to consent, he finally sailed away with his three native helpers and a boy. The wind and waves, however, forced them to put back, and after five hours of hard rowing they returned to the spot they had left. The only way left now was to walk overland. He got a friendly native to show him the path, and after escaping death most miraculously on the way, arrived at Mr. Mathieson's. Here they were still persecuted. At one time the mission buildings were fired, but a tornado which suddenly came up extinguished the flames. On the day following, the ship which had been sent to rescue them arrived and they embarked. Thus Paton had to abandon

his work on Tanna, after toiling there over three years.

For a time he sought needed rest and change in Australia, where he presented the cause of missions to the churches. On many occasions he came into contact with the aborigines of that continent, and on every occasion his love for missionary work was exhibited. At one time, when a crowd of savages crazed with rum were fighting among themselves, he went among them, and by his quiet and persistent coaxing, managed to get them all to lie down and sleep off the effects of the spirits.

From Australia, Paton went to Scotland. He travelled all over the country, speaking in behalf of the mission. While in Scotland he married Margaret Whitecross, a woman well fitted to be the wife and helper of such a man. Leaving Scotland in the latter part of 1864, they arrived in the New Hebrides in the early part of 1865.

In 1866 they settled on Aniwa, an

island near Tanna. The old Tannese chief, Nowar, who had always been friendly to Paton, was very anxious to have him settle on Tanna. Seeing that this was impossible, Nowar took from his arm the white shells, insignia of chieftainship, and binding them to the arm of a visiting Aniwan chief, said: "By these you promise to protect my missionary and his wife and child on Aniwa. Let no evil befall them, or by this pledge I and my people will avenge it." This act of the old chief did much to insure the future safety of Paton and his family.

Aniwa is a small island, only nine miles long by three and one-half wide. There is a scarcity of rain, but the heavy dews and moist atmosphere keep the land covered with verdure. The natives were like those on Tanna, although they spoke a different language.

They were well received by the natives, who escorted them to their temporary abode, and watched them at their meals. The first duty was to build a house. An

elevated site was purchased, where it was afterward learned all the bones and refuse of the Aniwan cannibal feast, for years, had been buried. The natives probably thought that, when they disturbed these, the missionary and his helpers would drop dead. In building the house, an incident occurred which afterward proved of great benefit to Paton. One day, having need of some nails and tools, he picked up a chip and wrote a few words on it. Handing it to an old chief, he told him to take it to Mrs. Paton. When the chief saw her look at the chip and then get the things needed, he was filled with amazement. From that time on he took great interest in the work of the mission, and when the Bible was being translated into the Aniwa language he rendered invaluable aid.

Another chief, with his two sons, visited the mission-house and was much interested; but when they were returning home, one of his sons became very ill. Of course he thought the missionary was

to blame, and threatened to kill the latter ; but when, by the use of proper medicine, Paton brought the boy back to health again, the chief went to the opposite extreme, and was ever afterward a most devoted helper.

The first convert on Aniwa was the chief Mamokei. He often came to drink tea with the missionary family, and afterward brought with him chief Naswai and his wife ; and all three were soon converted. Mamokei brought his little daughter to be educated in the mission. Many orphan children were also put under their care, and often these little children warned them of plots against their lives.

In the early part of the work on Aniwa, an incident happened which was amusing as well as romantic. A young Aniwan was in love with a young widow, living in an island village. Unfortunately, there were thirty other young men who also were suitors ; and as the one who married her would probably be killed by the others, none dared to venture. After consulting

with Paton, the young man went to her village at night and stole away with her. The others were furious, but were pacified by Paton, who made them believe she was not worth troubling themselves over. After three weeks had passed, the young man came out of hiding, and asked permission to bring her to the mission-house, which was granted. The next day she appeared in time for services. As the distinguishing feature of a Christian on Aniwa is that he wears more clothing than the heathen native, and as this young lady wished to show very plainly in what direction her sympathies extended, she appeared on the scene clad in a variety and abundance of clothing which it would be hard to equal. It was mostly European, at least. Over her native grass skirt she wore a man's drab-colored great-coat, sweeping over her heels. Over this was a vest, and on her head was a pair of trousers, one leg trailing over each shoulder. On one shoulder, also, was a red shirt, on the other a striped one; and, last of all, a

red shirt was twisted around her head as a turban.

Many stories might be told illustrating the results of the early efforts of the missionary, but we pass on to that of the sinking of the well. As has already been said, there is little rain on Aniwa. The juice of the cocoanut is largely used by the natives in place of drinking-water. Paton resolved to sink a well, much to the astonishment of the natives, who, when he explained his plan to them, thought him crazy. He began to dig; and the friendly old chief kept men near him all the time, for fear he would take his own life, for they thought surely he must have gone mad. He managed to get some of the natives to help him, paying them in fish-hooks; but when the depth of twelve feet was reached the sides of the excavation caved in, and after that no native would enter it. Paton then constructed a derrick; and they finally consented to help pull up the loaded pails, while he dug. Day after day he toiled, till the hole was thirty feet deep. Still no

water was found. That day he said to the old chief, "I think Jehovah God will give us water to-morrow from that hole." But the chief said they expected to see him fall through into the sea. Next morning he sunk a small hole in the bottom of the well, and from this hole there spurted a stream of water. Filling the jug with the water, he passed it round to the natives, telling them to examine and taste it. They were so awe-stricken that not one dared look over the edge into the well. At last they formed a line, holding each other by the hand, and first one looked over, then the next, etc., till all had seen the water in the well. When they were told that they all could use the water from that well, the old chief exclaimed, "Missi, what can we do to help you now?" He directed them to bring coral rock to line the well with, which they did with a will. That was the beginning of a new era on Aniwa. The following Sunday the chief preached a sermon on the well. In the days that followed multitudes of natives brought their idols to

the mission, where they were destroyed. Henceforth Christianity gained a permanent foothold on the island.

In 1869 the first communion was held, twelve out of twenty applicants being admitted to the church. In speaking of his emotions during the first communion, Paton says, "I shall never taste a deeper bliss until I gaze on the glorified face of Jesus himself."

In 1884 he returned to Scotland, his main object being to secure £6,000 for a mission-ship. He addressed many assemblages of different kinds, and succeeded in getting not only the £6,000 required, but £3,000 beside. He returned to Aniwa in 1886, and continued his work.

Recently he again visited England, and also the United States. He is now back on Aniwa — Aniwa, no longer a savage island, but by the grace of God a Christian land. There he expects to remain till summoned to his reward before the heavenly throne.

In this sketch an attempt has been made

to give only a brief account of the work of this great missionary. No adequate idea can be given of his untiring zeal, his forgetfulness of self, and his simple faith in God. It is probable that no one has ever visited America in the interest of foreign missions who has made so deep an impression of the triumphs of the gospel among vicious and degraded peoples as has the eminent missionary hero, John G. Paton.

ALEXANDER M. MACKAY.

Missionary to Uganda.

BORN OCT. 13, 1849; DIED FEB. 8, 1890.

ALEXANDER M. MACKAY.

GREEK and Roman, Arab, Turk, and Christian pioneer, at various times, and actuated by different purposes, have wended their ways into the unknown land of the Dark Continent; and Africa for ages has been the scene of thrilling adventure, perilous labor, and sublime life-sacrifice.

Livingstone, Speke, Gordon, Stanley, Hannington, and others, are numbered among the world's heroes; and conspicuous upon this roll of noble men must now be written the name of Alexander M. Mackay.

Born Oct. 13, 1849, in the little village of Rhynie, Aberdeen County, Scotland, in his father's home, — the Free Church Manse, — Mr. Mackay was at once blessed with a godly upbringing in the midst of

intellectual surroundings. Mr. Mackay's father was a man of great literary ability, and for fourteen years carefully carried on the daily instruction of his boy. At three years of age Alexander Mackay read the New Testament with ease, and at seven his text-books were Milton's "Paradise Lost," Russell's "History of Modern Europe," Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," and Robertson's "History of the Discovery of America."

He was his father's constant companion in his walks; and stories are now told of the villagers' wonder at seeing the boy often "stop to look for something in the road;" while from point of fact he was watching his father's stick trace the supposed course of the Zambesi River, or outline the demonstrating of a proposition in Euclid. Letters were frequently received at the Manse from Hugh Miller, Sir Roderick Murchison, and other eminent scholars, all of which were read and talked about in the family circle; and in these ways the boy's mind rapidly developed.

At ten years of age he had great skill in map-making, and wonderful dexterity in type-setting; and very accurate were the proof-sheets turned out from his little printing-press.

In 1864 he entered the grammar school at Aberdeen, and here he worked well; he seldom joined the excursions of the young people, but preferred to become initiated in art photography, or to watch the workmen in the great shipyards. And thus from different sources practical knowledge of many things was by him early acquired.

In 1865 Mackay sustained a great loss in the death of his mother, whose parting injunction, to "Search the Scriptures," became a duty, always continued. In the fall of 1867 Mackay entered the Free Church Training School for Teachers, in Edinburgh; and there he won the admiration of pupils and teachers by his scholarly ability for two years, and then entered the Edinburgh University for a three years' course in classics, applied mechanics, higher mathematics, and natural philosophy, fol-

lowed by a year's study of surveying and fortification with Lieutenant Mackie, Professor of Engineering. For two years (1870-72), while Secretary of the Engineering Society, and tutor each morning at George Watson's College, Mackay daily took the tram-car to Leith, and spent his afternoons in model-making, and in turning, fitting, and erecting machinery in the engineering works of Messrs. Miller and Herbert. His evenings were employed in attending lectures on chemistry and geology at the School of Arts and other places. Sundays he gave to regular attendance at religious services, and to teaching in Dr. Guthrie's Original Ragged School.

In November, 1873, Mackay went to Germany to study the language, and at once secured a good position as draughtsman in the Berlin Union Engineering Co. While thus employed, he spent his evenings in translating Lübsen's "Differential and Integral Calculus," and in inventing an agricultural machine, which obtained the first prize at the exhibition of steam-engines

held at Breslau. The directors of the company, recognizing Mackay's ability, soon made him chief of the locomotive department.

In May, 1874, Mackay became a boarding member in the family of Herr Hofprediger Baur, one of the ministers at the cathedral, and one of the chaplains; and in this cultured and pious home Mackay derived many advantages, and met once a week at the Bible readings, the *élite* of the Christian society of Berlin, among whom were Gräfin von Arnim, sister of Prince Bismarck, and Graf and Gräfin Egloffstein, who gave great interest to Mackay's later labors.

At this time Herr Hofprediger Baur was actively engaged in a German translation of the life of Bishop Patteson; and this work, together with the Professor's sympathy, proved a stimulus to the decision Mackay had already made to devote his life to missionary work; this decision having been arrived at after reading his sister's account of Dr. Burns Thompson's urgent

appeal to young men to go to Madagascar. With Mackay to decide was to act; but as he could not at once enter the field as clergyman or doctor, he determined to do so as engineering missionary (a most practical and far-sighted determination); and, blessed with his father's sanction, he offered his services to the London Missionary Society, but was answered that Madagascar "was not yet ripe for his assistance." At this time Mackay received an offer of partnership in a large engineering firm in Moscow, which without hesitation he refused, believing an opening for him in mission-work would soon be found.

In 1875 the *Daily Telegraph* published Stanley's famous letter "challenging Christendom to send missionaries to Uganda;" and the Church Missionary Society gladly accepted Mackay's offer of service in their future mission to the Victoria Nyanza. Early in March, Mackay returned to England; and in the development of plans the Church Missionary Society determined to combine the industrial with the religious

element, and sanctioned the purchase of a light cedar boat for navigation, and also appropriated three hundred pounds for a portable engine and boiler to be fitted into a wooden boat to be built by the missionaries on the Nyanza. Many weary days Mackay gave to finding, in London, an engineer who would build an engine on the principle of welded rings, each light enough to be transported by two men. But finally an engine after his own design was built, and tools of all kinds were ready for the enterprise; and on the 27th of April, 1876, in a company of eight, Mackay left England in the Peshawur, and arrived at Zanzibar May 29.

To facilitate the journey to the great lake, the mission party intended to sail up the Wami River, and on the 12th of June Mackay and Lieutenant Smith started in the Daisy on a voyage of exploration, but, after many days of hardship, they found both the Wami and Kingani Rivers unnavigable, and were obliged to proceed inland on foot. At Ugogo, in November,

Mackay, who had charge of the third section of the caravan, was taken seriously ill, and was obliged to return to the coast, where he was instructed by the Church Missionary Society to delay starting for the interior until June, 1877. He employed the intervening time in sending a relief caravan to his brethren on the lake, and in cutting a good road to Mpwapa, two hundred and thirty miles inland.

March, 1878, Mackay heard of the murder of Lieutenant Smith and Mr. O'Neill, who had reached the lake months before, and hurried with all speed to the scene of the disaster, the island of Ukerewe, hoping by friendly intervention to prevent further bloodshed.

June 13 he arrived at Kagei, and had his first glimpse of the great lake. With joy he realized that the worst part of his journey was over. Piled together in a hut, Mackay found much of the valuable property conveyed to this point by the first sections of the expedition, and left in charge of the natives. Heaped together lay boiler-

shells and books, papers and piston-rods, steam-pipes and stationery, printers' types, saws, and garden-seed, tins of bacon and bags of clothes, portable forges and boiler-fittings, here a cylinder, there its sole plate.

"Ten days' hard work from dawn to dark, and," Mackay wrote, "the engines for our steamer stand complete to the last screw; the boiler is ready to be riveted, tools and types have separate boxes, and rust and dust are thrown out of doors. It seems a miracle that I find almost everything complete, even to its smallest belonging, after a tedious voyage of seven hundred miles." The Daisy, rebuilt by O'Neill, but now greatly damaged, employed Mackay's attention; and setting up his rotary grindstone, to the wonderment of the natives, he patched the sides and calked the seams, and made the boat again seaworthy.

After his great labor in repairs, Mackay, in spite of danger to himself, visited Ukerewe, and with tactful courage held a friendly visit with King Lkonge. After

this visit Mackay was a victim of dysentery ; but at length, joined by Mr. Wilson, and favored with a good breeze, he sailed in the *Daisy* for Uganda. Four days of fine sailing, and then they were wrecked ; and eight weeks of hard labor was given to making a new boat out of the *Daisy*.

Mackay finally reached Rubaga, the capital of Uganda, Nov. 6. A friendly interview was at once had with King Mtèsa, who had told Stanley to send the "white men," and for a time affairs at court went smoothly. Mtèsa and his subjects were much interested by accounts of railways, electricity, astronomy, and physiology ; and Mackay gained great influence by his mechanical skill, which caused wonder and admiration.

Mtèsa appeared very anxious to hear more about the Christian religion to which Stanley had introduced him, and every Sunday religious services were held at court. From the first, the Arabs who centred in Rubaga were jealous of Mackay, fearing his influence would overthrow

the slave traffic, which brought them here as elsewhere in Africa. They used all means to turn Mtèsa against the white man, the most potent of which were the rich presents, including fire-arms, presented to the king.

The Arabs were no more formidable enemies to Mackay than were the Roman Catholic missionaries, who came soon after his arrival, confusing Mtèsa with their claims to the true religion, and instituting a cruel persecution against the Protestants.

In April, 1880, Mackay, finding his store of goods nearly exhausted by the thieving of Mtèsa's chiefs, went to Uyui for supplies, and during this trip barely escaped being murdered by the natives. At this time Mtèsa turned entirely away from the teachings which Mackay and his friends had labored for two years to inculcate, — two years of labor, poverty, danger, and oftentimes threatened starvation, Mackay keeping his comrades alive by the sale of articles made by himself in his workshop.

“ Besides teaching his pupils reading,

writing, and arithmetic, Mackay gave them daily lessons " in building and designing. He built a house for the mission party, which was a source of wonder to all, and caused Mtèsa to ask instruction for the natives in wood and iron ; and when Mackay asked a piece of ground to build huts on, he at once gave him twenty acres. To the natives Mackay's most wonderful achievement was a cart painted red and blue, and drawn by oxen.

From time to time Mackay's great work was supplemented by co-laborers sent by the Church Missionary Society ; and in March, 1881, his heart was delighted by the baptism of five converts by Mr. O'Flaherty. Early in 1883 the Rev. E. C. Gordon and Mr. Wise joined Mackay ; in May of the same year the Rev. R. P. Ashe arrived, and the prospects of the Mission were most encouraging until October, 1884, when Mtèsa died.

The king's son, Mwanga, succeeded to the throne—a youth with all his father's vices and none of his virtues ; and a reign

of blood and terror followed, beginning with the burning of two Christian lads, who met their death with songs of praise, and were the first martyrs to the faith in Uganda. The storm of persecution spent its full force in October, 1885, when news reached the king that white men had come by the Masai route, and were entering Uganda by the "back door." Orders were sent to kill the whole party. Prevented from leaving the court, Ashe and Mackay awaited in dread suspense, which gave way to despair, when news of Bishop Hannington's death was confirmed. In the months that followed, lives of missionaries and converts were in constant danger; still the gospel spread, and young men came daily to the mission house for translated copies.

In May, 1886, thirty of the missionaries' faithful converts were slowly burned alive. Mackay was now anxious to get out of the country, but was refused permission to leave. New missionaries with presents would have bought his escape; but he would not write for men to come to

Uganda in the disturbed condition of affairs, so bravely stayed on, even after he had unselfishly obtained leave for Ashe to go.

Alone, weary in soul and body, his life in imminent danger, Mackay worked early and late in translating and printing the Scriptures. News of the Emin Pasha expedition reached the king; and warned by French priests that Stanley and Mackay would put their heads together to "eat the country," Mwanga decided that Mackay must leave Uganda. Arranging that Mr. Gordon should come to care for the converts, who were only comforted by his assurances that he was but going to the south of the lake, Mackay turned away from the country where he had spent nine eventful years,—years of deep experiences, of toils and privations; years that had silvered his hair and calmed the restless impulses of his youth; but his watchword was unchanged—"Africa for Christ."

After much weary wandering, Mackay fell in with a friendly chief in the land of

Usambiro; and here, single-handed and alone, he began the great work of a new mission station. A band of five men, headed by Bishop Parker, and including his old friend and fellow worker, Ashe, soon came to cheer his lonely life. A few happy weeks together — then Bishop Parker and Mr. Blackburn died of fever; Mr. Walker went to Uganda; Mr. Ashe was compelled to return home on account of bad health; Mackay was again alone.

And again this all-round missionary set himself to the work of teaching, translating, printing, binding, doctoring, and building; and in the midst of these many and arduous labors, he found time to give to the world practical suggestions, now being carried out; viz., “Stations all over Uganda,” and, “a railway from the coast to the lake.”

In September, 1889, Stanley visited Mackay on his return to the coast, and “In Darkest Africa” gives with unstinted praise an account of the mission station, with its clay-built house “garnished with

missionary pictures, and shelves filled with choice, useful books, its hospitable table with wholesome food (home-made bread and coffee); the mission-school of neat, well-mannered boys, a launch's boiler, and a canoe under construction, saw-pits, and cattle-fold, all the work of "the best missionary since Livingstone."

Stanley and his party urged Mackay to join the homeward expedition, but with characteristic fidelity he refused to leave until some one came to take his place. "European platforms and royal receptions" were never his; but Feb. 8, 1890, his tireless energy rested, and the title-deeds of his labor were recorded, in divine Presence, upon the brow of every converted black in Uganda.

ROBERT MOFFAT.

Missionary in Africa.

BORN DEC. 21, 1795; DIED AUG. 10, 1883.

ROBERT MOFFAT.

“From scenes like these old Scotia’s grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad ;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
‘An honest man’s the noblest work of God ;’
And certes, in fair Virtue’s heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind.”

LOOKING backward, Robert Moffat could clearly trace the trend of his life’s purposes to the gentle but unconscious influence of his mother, who, in the little cottage home at Carronshore, Scotland, gathered her lads around the fireside on winter nights, while she read aloud accounts of missionary labors in heathen lands. Born Dec. 21, 1795, Robert had few educational advantages ; and, living in the midst of shipping, he early turned from “Wully Mitchell’s” teaching of the

“Shorter Catechism,” and “went to sea.” In the peril of wind and waves many dangers were mentioned by him, and hair-breadth escapes chronicled; but to his parents’ joy he gave up nautical pursuits, and entered school at Falkirk.

When but fourteen years old he was apprenticed to a gardener. His work was laborious, and his comforts scanty; yet withal he attended an evening school, and learned something of Latin and mensuration. Two years later he was employed as under gardener by Mr. Leigh, of High Leigh, Cheshire; and there, at the meetings of the Wesleyan Methodists, Robert became converted. Soon after his conversion some duty took him to Warrington, six miles distant; and as he crossed the bridge to the town, he saw a placard announcing a missionary meeting, to be held under the direction of the Rev. Wm. Roby of Manchester. Thoughts of his mother’s reading, in the long ago, flooded his memory; and the determination to devote his life to missionary work was instantly

formed. Later, an interview with Mr. Roby resulted in Moffat accepting a position in Mr. Smith's nursery garden, at Durkinfield, near Manchester; and then he began to prepare himself for the mission-field under the care of Mr. Roby. While thus at work, Robert became engaged to his employer's daughter, Mary Smith.

A year later Robert Moffat went to Manchester for a few months of college training, and then accepted a position under the London Missionary Society, and with four co-laborers sailed for South Africa, Oct. 18, 1816. Cape Town was reached Jan. 13, 1817; and while waiting for a passport from the government to go into the interior, Moffat boarded in a farmer's family at Stellenbosch, and passed his time in acquiring the Dutch language, which enabled him to preach to the Boers.

In September, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Kichingman, Moffat, in charge of a long trail of wagons drawn by oxen, started for the Namaqualand Mission. The natives at this station were ruled by Africaner, an

outlaw, and a terror to the farmers of the colony, but friendly to the English. After a dreary march, during which many of the oxen became prey to the hyenas, the band of missionaries reached Bysondermeid. Here Robert Moffat remained with the Kichingmans for a month, and then, aided by a guide, proceeded to the interior. The way inland lay through a trackless desert. Here the oxen became so exhausted, a halt was called before water could be reached, and Moffat was obliged to send to Mr. Bartlett at Pella for oxen accustomed to travel in deep sand. "Three days," says Robert Moffat, "I remained with my wagon-driver on this burning plain, with scarcely a breath of wind, and what there was felt as if coming from the mouth of an oven." Jan. 26, 1818, the train reached Africaner's kraal, and received a warm welcome from Mr. Ebner, who, a few days after, was obliged to depart, leaving Robert Moffat, a stranger in the midst of a strange people; but the heart of the young missionary was soon cheered by the regular attendance

of Africaner at the religious services, and his conversion was followed by two of his brothers, who became such efficient assistants in the school and mission services that Moffat was soon able to undertake itinerating visits. These journeys were frequently attended by dangers and privations, and an indomitable will alone sustained life.

Two trips, to find a more healthful location for the mission, were unsuccessfully made; and for twelve months Moffat lived and labored at Namaqualand as missionary, as carpenter, smith, cooper, shoemaker, miller, baker, and housekeeper.

In 1819 Moffat decided to visit Cape Town for supplies, and to introduce Africaner to the notice of the Colonial Government. To get the outlaw through the territories of the Dutch farmers, where his former atrocities were not forgotten, required nerveful tact, but was successfully done, and Africaner was cordially welcomed by the governor at Cape Town. Moffat had intended to return to Namaqualand, but yielded to the wish of the London

Missionary Society deputation then at Cape Town, to accompany them in their visits to missionary stations, and later to accept a mission at the Bechwana station. Africaner, hoping to move his tribe to Moffat's new station, journeyed home alone, conveying in his wagon, presented by the governor, many of the effects destined for the future field. The deputation, after visiting stations in the eastern part of the colony and at Kafirland, were barred from further progress by war, and returned to Cape Town. Here, on the 27th of December, 1819, Robert Moffat received his affianced wife, and soon after her arrival they were married.

At the beginning of the year 1820, the Moffats, with the Rev. John Campbell, started for the Bechwana station at Lattakoo, but were detained at Griqua Town for several months; and here was born their daughter Mary, afterwards the wife of Dr. Livingstone.

In May, 1821, Mr. and Mrs. Moffat arrived at Lattakoo, and commenced their

work among a people who were "thoroughly sensual, and who could rob, lie, and murder without any compunctions of conscience, as long as success attended their efforts."

In 1822 Moffat wrote: "They turn a deaf ear to the voice of love, and scorn the doctrines of salvation, but affairs in general assume a more hopeful aspect. They have in several instances relinquished the barbarous system of *commandoes* for stealing cattle. They have also dispensed with a rain-maker this season."

A little later in the same year, Robert Moffat said, "Mary, this is hard work, and no fruit yet appears;" and his wife wisely answered, "The gospel has not yet been preached to them in their own tongue in which they were born." From that time Moffat devoted himself to the acquisition of the language, and for that purpose he often visited tribes remote from his station.

No words can tell of the labors of Robert and Mary Moffat in these early days. In addition to privations, discour-

agements, and loss of property, their lives were often in danger. Once, when no rain fell, these missionaries were accused of causing the drought, and at the point of the spear were told to leave the land. Throwing open his waistcoat, Robert Moffat said (fortified by the courage of his wife, who stood at the door of their cottage with her baby in her arms), "If you will, drive your spear to my heart. We know you will not touch our wives and children." The would-be murderers turned away, saying, "These men must have ten lives, when they are so fearless of death." The goodwill of the tribe was at last gained by the able efforts of the missionaries in planning a defence against the Mantatees, who attacked the station with murderous intent. Deeply sensible of the kindness of the Mofats, who might at this time have retired to the colony, the Bechwanas gave their consent to moving the station to a place eight miles distant, at the source of the river Kuruman. In view of proper remuneration, the Bechwana chiefs arranged

that two miles of the Kuruman Valley should henceforth be the property of the London Missionary Society, and that the new station, "Kuruman," should here be established.

Referring to this time, Robert Moffat afterwards said: "Our situation during the infancy of the new station, language cannot describe. We were compelled to work daily at every species of labor." Notwithstanding all difficulties, this earnest man made considerable progress towards establishing a literature in the Sechwana tongue. A spelling-book and catechism were prepared, and sent to England to be printed. In 1826, having moved into his new dwelling, built of stone, and the country being comparatively free from danger, Moffat left his family, and went for a time to live among the Barolongs, that he might become proficient in the Sechwana language. While among these tribes, the missionary sought every opportunity to impart Christian instruction to the people.

Ten years the Moffats labored without seeing any results, when suddenly, without apparent cause, a great religious interest arose among the natives; the little chapel became too small to hold the numbers who came to receive the gospel. By voluntary aid, a new building, fifty-one feet by sixteen feet, with clay walls and thatched roof, was erected, and served as school-house and place of worship until the large stone church was completed. A change of habits instantly followed this awakening. Mrs. Moffat was called upon to open a sewing-school, and motley were the groups gathered about her, all anxious to form garments to wear, although jackets, trousers, and gowns had never before adorned their forms.

When a friend at home wrote to Mary Moffat, asking what could be sent her that would be of use, the answer was, "Send a Communion service; it will be wanted." At that time there were no converts and no "glimmer of day." Three years later, a hundred and twenty were present at the table of the Lord, the first among the

Bechwanas; and the day previous there arrived a box which contained the Communion vessels which the faith of Mrs. Moffat had led her to ask for before there was a single inquirer.

In the fall of 1829 two envoys came from Mosilikatse, King of the Matabele, to learn about the manners and teachings of the white men. Later, Mr. Moffat visited this tribe, was kindly received, and told to them the story of the Resurrection. In June, 1830, Moffat had finished the translation of St. Luke; and to get this printed, and to place their two eldest children at school, Mr. and Mrs. Moffat went to Cape Town. Here Robert Moffat acquired a fair knowledge of printing, and applied himself so assiduously to the work, that a severe illness followed. This and the birth of another daughter delayed the missionaries; but in June, 1831, they returned to Kuruman, and took with them an edition of St. Luke, and a hymn-book in Sechwana, a printing-press, and liberal subscriptions for the erection of the mission-church. The

timber for this church was cut and collected under supervision of Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Edwards, two hundred and fifty miles from the Kuruman Station, and brought there in ox-teams. This church was opened November, 1838, and nine hundred people were in attendance at the first service ; the following Sunday a hundred and fifty members celebrated the Lord's Supper.

In the spring of 1839 Robert Moffat completed the translation of the New Testament, and for purposes of printing went to England with his wife, after an absence of twenty-two years. During the voyage another daughter was born to them, and their son Jamie, six years old, died. The Moffats received a very warm welcome in England ; and at this time "a wave of missionary enthusiasm" swept over the country, and great was the demand for Mr. Moffat to address public meetings. While in England, it was thought best to add the Psalms to the Sechwana edition of the New Testament ;

and with characteristic energy, Moffat immediately began the work of translating, and sent to Ross and David Livingstone, then at Bechwana Mission, six thousand copies of the new work. Moffat then wrote his well-known book, "Missionary Labors and Scenes in South Africa ;" and it was not until January, 1843, that he and Mrs. Moffat sailed for Africa. The natives at Kuruman received them with unbounded joy.

Soon after their return their eldest daughter, Mary, was married to David Livingstone, and went with him to Chonwane. Affairs at the Kuruman were now very prosperous. Moffat worked steadily at translation; Mrs. Moffat, his faithful helpmate, leaving him only to visit the Livingstones and to go to Cape Town with her youngest children, who were going to England to be educated. In 1856 Moffat completed his translation of the entire Bible, a work of thirty years.

"I felt it to be an awful thing," he says, "to translate the Book of God. When I

had finished the last verse, I could hardly believe that I was in the world, so difficult was it for me to realize that my work of so many years was completed. A feeling came over me as if I should die. . . . My heart beat like the strokes of a hammer. . . . My emotions found vent by my falling on my knees, and thanking God for his grace and goodness for giving me strength to accomplish my task."

At this time Livingstone was in England; and, as a result of his accounts, the directors wrote to Robert Moffat asking him to go for twelve months to Matabele. In spite of the fact that he had worked for the company forty-one years, and was then sixty-two years old, Robert Moffat left his home at Kuruman, and started for a long and toilsome journey through the African desert. He spent many months at "Inyati," the seat of the missions of the Matabele, and spared neither labor of body nor mind. In June, 1860, feeling the station was well established, he returned to Kuruman. In 1862 Robert and Mary Moffat

suffered severe bereavement in the death of their son Robert, and of their daughter Mary Livingstone. In 1868, having established his son, the Rev. John Moffat, at Kuruman, Robert Moffat determined, reluctantly, to accept the directors' invitation to return to England. On Sunday, March 20, 1870, he preached for the last time in the Kuruman church; and the following Friday "Ramary" and "Mamary," as the dearly beloved missionary and his wife were called, left the home in which they had so long and so faithfully labored, amid a pitiful wail from the natives, whose hearts were wrung with genuine sorrow.

July 24, 1870, Robert and Mary Moffat arrived in England, after an absence of over fifty years, during which time they had visited their native land but once. They were welcomed everywhere with marked cordiality, and on his birthday a thousand pounds was given Mr. Moffat. A few months after their return Mary Moffat died. Her last words were a prayer for her husband, that he might be given strength to bear her loss. Fifty-three years she had

faithfully shared his labors. In 1872 several thousand pounds were subscribed for a training-school for natives in Bechwana; and the directors honored their veteran missionary by calling it the "Moffat Institute." Later his friends gave to Robert Moffat five thousand pounds, a liberal competency for himself and his widowed daughter, Mrs. Frédoux. In 1874 Mr. Moffat was called upon to identify the remains of his son-in-law, Dr. Livingstone, who had died in Central Africa. In 1876 Mr. Moffat was entertained by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and by the Rev. Newman Hall, where he met Mr. Gladstone. In 1877 he visited Paris, and addressed four thousand Sunday-school children.

The last four years of his life were spent at Park Cottage, Leigh, near Tunbridge.

On the 10th of August, 1883, in his eighty-eighth year, he passed peacefully to rest.

" His count of years was full ;
His allotted task was wrought."

As a fitting close to this sketch I quote

from the pen of the Rev. A. C. Thompson, D.D., of Boston, who was present at the World's Missionary Conference in London in 1878:—

“‘Nothing but a missionary!’ But the man who gave that toss of the head and that half scornful look should cast an eye down the long centre aisle of the hall at Mildmay Park. Whom do we see coming up the aisle—a son of Anak in stature, erect, his features strongly marked, his venerable locks and long white beard adding majesty to his appearance? On discovering him the whole great audience rise spontaneously to their feet. A Wesleyan brother with powerful voice is in the midst of an address; yet no one heeds him till the patriarch has taken a seat on the platform. Who is the old man? Is it the Earl of Beaconsfield? Is it Mr. Gladstone? There is but one other person in the realm, I take it, to whom, under the circumstances, such a united and enthusiastic tribute would be paid, and that because she is on the throne. This hoary-headed man is the veteran among South African missionaries. He went out to the Dark Continent more than sixty years before (1816). He is now eighty-three; his name Robert Moffat. . . . With a voice still strong and musical he addresses the assembly for twenty or more minutes. The man who preaches to a larger congregation than any other in London once said that, when he saw the veteran Moffat, he felt inclined to sink into his shoes.”

MARCUS WHITMAN, M. D.

Missionary in Oregon.

BORN SEPT. 4, 1802; DIED NOV. 29, 1847.

XXI.

MARCUS WHITMAN, M.D.

IF the magnitude of a man's work is to be judged by its far-reaching results, surely that accomplished by Marcus Whitman, missionary to Oregon, must take rank among the great achievements of the world's benefactors ; and the heart of every true American must throb with gratitude and pride when he contemplates the effects of this "brave man's deed and word." Inspired by the highest motive, that of carrying the gospel to those in darkness, he entered upon his work with all the enthusiasm of his hardy and generous nature.

In the year 1832 an Indian chief, who had come to St. Louis in search of the white man's "Book of God," before returning to his people, in a farewell address

said : " I came to you over a trail of many moons from the setting sun. My people sent me to get the white man's Book of Heaven. You showed me images of good spirits, and pictures of the good land beyond, but the Book was not among them to tell me the way. . . . My people will die in darkness, and they will go on the trail to the other hunting-grounds. No white man will go with them, and no white man's book to make the way plain. I have no more words."

This speech was delivered to a few hearers in a store-room belonging to the American Fur Company, where they were gathering preparatory to starting on their annual expedition to the far West, with whom the lonely Indian was to make his return journey. One of the listeners in this little audience was a young clerk in the office, whose heart was moved by the sad refrain ; and, when writing to his friend in Pittsburg, he described the pathetic scene and reported the speech. After a time, when the accuracy of the incident

had been proven, this speech was given to the public, with the hope that it might arouse an interest in missionary enterprise among the Indians.

Originating from this pathetic cry, the call came to the Rev. Samuel Parker, a cultivated gentleman and devoted minister in Ithaca, N.Y., who was the first to offer himself to the American Board as a missionary to Oregon, in 1834. He went East to induce others to join him, and there found Dr. Whitman, to whom the appeal came as a divine call; and as a live coal from God's altar it kindled in his heart a mighty zeal, which carried him through all future hardships and dangers.

He was born at Rushville, N.Y., Sept. 4, 1802, and was "reared amid the environments of a pioneer home, and made familiar with the privations incident to such a life." He received the best possible religious training from his parents at home; and after the death of his father, which occurred when Marcus was only eight years of age, it was continued with scrupulous

care by his grandfather, Deacon Samuel Whitman, of Plainville, Mass.

He began study, having the ministry in view, but, on account of physical ailments, turned to the study of medicine, and in due time received his degree of M.D.

Dr. Whitman was past thirty years of age when his thoughts were turned toward Oregon. He had spent four years in the practice of medicine, and some years in business, having been part owner with his brother of a sawmill, an experience most valuable in later years in his missionary work.

Mr. Parker and Dr. Whitman started for Oregon in the summer of 1835, travelling with the party sent out by the American Fur Company, as far as Green River in Wyoming. This was the terminus of the Fur Company's route, and a meeting-place for traders, trappers, and a multitude of Indians from all parts of the great wilderness. Here they came annually to exchange their year's collection of furs for the necessities and luxuries of life, brought overland by

the company from the States. During their stay of several days here, through intercourse with these various representatives of the wild country to which they were bound, and with the knowledge they had gained on their long journey, the missionaries were able to more fully comprehend the nature and magnitude of the work which they were about to undertake. They now realized that a stronger force and better equipment were necessary. It was therefore decided that Dr. Whitman should return to the East with the company's party, and secure re-enforcements; while Mr. Parker should proceed to Oregon, and select suitable locations for the three missions which they proposed to establish. Dr. Whitman took with him three Nez Perces boys, and, returning to central New York, made an earnest effort to enlist the interest of his friends.

He now saw, as he was entering upon his life-work, that an important factor in this new mission must be the Christian home; and before going West again he was

married to Miss Narcissa Prentice, daughter of Judge Stephen Prentice of Prattsburg, N.Y., who is described as "a handsome, refined, and accomplished young lady, a beautiful singer, and possessing the spirit of a true heroine." The marriage occurred in March, and the next month they started on their long wedding-tour.

With them also went the Rev. H. H. Spaulding and his young bride, and Mr. Wm. H. Gray, the latter going as mechanic and business agent for the mission. These two heroic women—the first to cross the Rocky Mountains—little realized at that time the full significance of their journey to Oregon. To them it meant reaching the heathen with a message; to us it meant a vastly enlarged territory and an entire change in the character of its population.

An immense section of the Pacific coast, consisting of about three hundred thousand square miles, had for years been in possession of the Hudson Bay Company, who, with their forts and trading-posts, had

driven out eleven fur companies who had sought to establish trade in that country. It was a powerful monopoly, whose policy was to keep the country in its present wild state for the sake of the fur products. Consequently, all immigration of families from the East was discouraged.

When these missionary families crossed the mountains, and opened the way for others to follow, it was the beginning of a new era — the establishment of a civilization which was entirely to displace the unnatural and peculiar social order then existing.

Much had been said to discourage their undertaking. It is said that advice to turn back, warnings as well as prayers and benedictions, followed them from place to place before leaving the States.

They joined a group of the American Fur Company at Council Bluffs, and continued with them to the end of the route at Green River. These men at first were not pleased at the idea of admitting ladies into their caravan. They did not think it

possible for them to endure the wearisome and perilous journey ; but, on account of the valuable medical services rendered by Dr. Whitman on his previous trip, they gave consent. All through the long journey, these noble and high-minded women were treated with the greatest deference by the men of the company, who tried in every possible way to lessen the hardships of the trip. Mrs. Spaulding suffered much from fatigue, and it was feared at one time that she would not live, as she was taken fainting from her saddle ; but her courage was phenomenal, and carried her through. One of the rough men said, in speaking of these brave women, "There is something which the Honorable Hudson Bay Company cannot expel from the country."

On the Fourth of July they reached the famous South Pass, Nature's gateway through the mighty wall, which she has kindly left, that the country may not be divided.

This is an interesting spot, where two rivers, one flowing toward the Pacific, the

other toward the Atlantic, have their source within half a mile of each other. Here upon a rock are carved the names of noted travellers, such as "Fremont, 1843," and "Stanbury, 1849." Barrows, in his history of Oregon, says, "It may give information and divide honors with the 'Pathfinder' to add 'Mesdames Whitman and Spaulding, 1836.'" Six years before a company of United States engineers had seen this pass, two women had gone through.

When they had crossed the Continental Divide, and were on the Pacific side of the slope, the missionary party dismounted, planted the American flag, and, kneeling on their blankets about the "Book," with prayer and praise they took possession of the western slope for Christ and the Church. This was, indeed, a most significant action when viewed in the light of subsequent history. The Rev. Jonathan Edwards, in speaking of this scene, says, "How strongly it evidences their faith in their mission, and the conquering power of the King of peace. A scene truly in-

spiring to contemplate, and worthy a place on the canvas among the masterpieces of the world's great artists." It was an act, the far-reaching consequences of which secured to the United States three hundred thousand square miles of the Pacific Coast.

A few days more of travel brought them to Green River and to the annual gathering, the fair and festival of the mountains. To the ladies this was a novel experience. The Indian wigwams stretching for three miles along the river, the encampment of trappers and traders, with about twenty citizens, including the missionary families, making in all fifteen hundred persons. To many of these rough trappers, whose home for twenty-five years had been in the depths of these forests and in the cañons of the mountains, it was also a novel experience to meet a lady; and many of them were moved to tears, being reminded of loved ones far away in the old home. One of these men, years after, said, "From that day, when I took the hand of a civilized woman again, I was a better man."

Here the party rested for ten days. They wrote letters home, to be sent back with the returning company of traders, repacked and reduced their baggage, and prepared for their further journey.

Dr. Whitman was warmly welcomed by the Indians whom he had met there the year before, and who were expecting him according to promise. From this point the party were escorted by traders from the Hudson Bay Company on their way back to the Pacific coast from the annual meeting.

They next stopped at Fort Hall, and again reduced and repacked baggage. In a few days they reached Fort Boisé, where, by the advice of the Hudson Bay Company, the doctor left his wagon. This wagon was the first to be taken farther than Fort Laramie, and it was destined to play a very important part in the history of Oregon and the Pacific Coast. "Whitman's wagon had demonstrated that women and children and household goods—the family—could be carried over the plains and mountains to Oregon." If so, the United States wanted Oregon.

The mission party reached Fort Walla Walla early in September ; and the long journey of thirty-five hundred miles, begun four months before, was ended. Dr. Whitman established a mission among the Cayuse tribe on the Walla Walla River, six miles west of the present city of Walla Walla, giving to the settlement the name of Waiilatpu. Mr. Spaulding settled at Clear Water, and established another mission among the Nez Perces tribe, a few miles north of the Kooskooskie River. These were two of the sites which had been chosen by the Rev. Mr. Parker, who, after spending a year in Oregon, preparing the way for the missionaries, returned to his home by way of the Hawaiian Islands. It had been the intention of the missionaries to establish one of the missions among the Flatheads ; but, on account of the unsettled condition of the tribe at that time, it was not deemed wise to venture among them. The Whitmans were gladly welcomed by the Cayuse Indians, and in a short time the mission was well established and in a prosperous condition.

In three years' time they had two hundred and fifty acres of land enclosed, of which two hundred acres were in a good state of cultivation. A grist-mill had been constructed, an orchard planted, and their third building was in progress of erection. Fifty or more of the Indian children had been gathered into a school, which Mrs. Whitman taught. For six years they labored, Mrs. Whitman giving her attention to the school and general work of the mission and home ; the doctor superintending the work of the farm and the mill, preaching and teaching, in addition to a large medical practice extending over many square miles.

Their work was difficult and trying, as these Indians were wild and superstitious, and more averse to settled life than were many of the tribes ; yet a large number of them had been induced to engage in agriculture.

In the fall of 1842 the two missions, which had been re-enforced by two other missionaries, held their annual business

meeting at this station. While it was in progress Dr. Whitman was called to attend a patient at Fort Walla Walla, twenty-five miles distant. This was an important trading-post, the fort belonging to the Hudson Bay Company. Here hospitality was dispensed most generously to all travellers; and it chanced at this time that there was an unusually large and congenial company present. Twenty or more of their men had arrived that day in charge of boats laden with Indian goods. These, with their traders and clerks, made a large company, in which Dr. Whitman was the only representative of the United States.

While they were seated at dinner a messenger arrived and announced to the company that a colony of British settlers from the Red River had crossed the mountains, and were then about three hundred miles up the Columbia River. This announcement was hailed with many expressions of delight, and congratulations passed from one to another; when, in the excitement, a young priest arose, and, waving his cap in

the air, cried "Hurrah for Oregon ; America is too late, and we have got the country !" To Dr. Whitman this was not an entirely new revelation of the state of affairs. He had been impressed, six years before, by the opposition of the company's agents to his taking his wagon and farming implements through from Fort Boisé ; and the same opposition had been met by a company of immigrants the year before. The president of the company had advised that the Board would better send travelling missionaries to the Indians and trappers, rather than establish settled missions.

This unguarded statement from the young priest confirmed him in the belief that this company, since it could not prevent immigration, and thus preserve the forests for hunting-grounds, had changed its policy, and was now seeking to bring in British subjects to take possession of the country and keep Americans out. He was now thoroughly aroused to the situation. Something must be done, and at once. This information must be carried to Wash-

ington, and colonies from the States must be brought in to occupy the lands, and save the country.

Hastening to his home, he called the missionaries together, and explaining his discovery to them, he announced his intention of going at once to Washington. They did not at first favor this plan; but, as he was determined, their confidence in the man led them to unanimous approval. A few years later they were able to see the emergency as he saw it then. Said Dr. Eells, "It was suggested to him that this was hardly within the legitimate work of the mission; to which he replied, that for this emergency he did not belong so much to the American Board as to his country." Within twenty-four hours from the scene at the dinner-table, Dr. Whitman was in his saddle headed for Washington, having arranged for the care of his wife and the mission during his absence.

This memorable ride must take rank with other pivotal events in our history; for, although it requires deeper thinking

to realize its full import, it is, nevertheless, unequalled by any similar exhibition of patriotism, "distance, time, heroic daring, peril, suffering, and magnificent consequences."

Mr. Amos Lovejoy, who had recently arrived with a band of immigrants and a guide, accompanied Whitman with two pack mules to carry supplies. In eleven days they reached Fort Hall, having travelled three hundred and forty miles. They then travelled due south to reach the old Santa Fé trail, thinking to avoid the intense cold by going that way. Their course, in the main, was in the direction followed by the present Utah Southern railroad.

From Mr. Lovejoy's journal we have the following items : —

"From Fort Hall to Fort Vinta we had terribly severe weather. Passing over the high mountains we encountered a terrible snow-storm, compelling us to seek refuge for ten days in a dark defile. While in this defile, Dr. Whitman became impatient to move on, and against the guide's counsel they started. For some time they wandered in the snow,

and the guide acknowledged that he was lost. In the blinding snow-storm, not knowing where to turn, Whitman gave up for the first and only time, but suddenly the guide noticed a peculiar movement of one of the mule's ears. He said that mule knew how to find the way back to the defile they had left. Giving the reins to the animal, they were led back to the refuge, where they found the embers of their fire."

As soon as possible Whitman went back to Fort Taos, where he procured another guide; then they pushed on again. At one time they came to a river two hundred yards wide, which was frozen over about one-third the distance on either side. Without hesitating an instant, Whitman and his horse plunged in and were soon on the other side.

Dr. Whitman reached St. Louis in due time, dressed in his buckskin breeches and fur garments; and, like a hero fresh from the battle-field, he bore many marks of the severity of the weather, and the hardships and perils through which he had passed. From St. Louis he went by stage to Washington, arriving there March 3, 1843.

Haste was imperative, and what urged him to press on through driving storms, amid perils and hardships, was the impending boundary treaty between Canada and the United States. There was danger of Oregon being given away. Dr. Whitman felt that he must show Congress the value of Oregon, and demonstrate to that body and to those in authority the possibilities of colonizing the region. He thought he must reach Washington before this treaty, which affected the boundary, was concluded. This he failed to do in spite of his heroic work ; yet his journey was not in vain, for the treaty had not touched upon the Oregon boundary.

He therefore had time to correct many erroneous ideas in regard to Oregon, and to expose the scheme of the Hudson Bay Company to capture the region by colonization. To show that information was needed in Washington, we quote a few sentences from the debate in Congress. Said one, "I would not give a pinch of snuff for the whole of Oregon for agricul-

tural purposes, and I thank God that he put the Rocky Mountains between it and the east." Another said, "All the gold mines of Peru would not pay a penny on a pound of the cost it would be to build a railroad across the mountains to Oregon."

In Washington, Dr. Whitman called on Daniel Webster, who at that time was Secretary of State, and told his thrilling story. The great statesman replied, "Wagons cannot cross the mountains. Sir G. Simpson, who is here, affirms that, and so do all his correspondents in that region. Besides, I am about trading that worthless territory for some valuable concessions in relation to the Newfoundland cod-fisheries." Dr. Whitman replied, "Mr. Webster, we want that valuable territory ourselves." He then went to President Tyler, and said the same thing. The President replied, "Since you are a missionary, I will believe you; and if you take your emigrants over there, the treaty will not be ratified."

A secondary object of this journey was

to lead back to Oregon a colony. By doing so he could settle by actual proof the accessibility of that far Western district. On his way to Washington he published pamphlets and newspaper articles telling of this proposed party. In every town he passed through he urged the people to organize and go West, and meet him at Westport, Mo., when he returned in the spring. Some of his circulars went as far south as Texas.

Another object of the trip was to consult with the American Board in regard to the missions, and to get re-enforcements and money. The Prudential Committee had voted to give up the mission station; but, after hearing Dr. Whitman's report, "it was resolved to sustain the operations of the mission without any material change."

When he reached Westport, which was the starting-point of Western immigration, he found a company of eight hundred and seventy-one persons with a hundred and eleven wagons and two thousand head of

cattle and horses, ready to start on the long journey, in response to his appeal made on the way East. "On that journey," says Mr. Spaulding, "Dr. Whitman was their everywhere-present angel of mercy, ministering to the sick, helping the weary, encouraging the wavering, cheering the mothers, mending wagons, setting broken bones, finding stray oxen; now in the rear, now in the centre, now in front, looking out fords; in the dark mountains working out passages at noontide or at midnight, as though these were his own children and these wagons and flocks his own property." The entire company reached Oregon in safety.

As is often the case with our greatest benefactors, and those that live in advance of their times, it was not given Dr. Whitman to enjoy the fruits of his own magnificent achievements. That which gave him the greatest joy and satisfaction because of its promise of greatest ultimate good to the people for whom he was giving his life without stint, was one of the causes of

his own destruction. The colony which he had been instrumental in raising and bringing through, that great advance-guard of civilization which was to follow, and thus secure and save Oregon, was not pleasing to the Indian. He saw in it the melting away of his own tribe. The Indian had always been averse to civilization. He did not object to the trappers, for they entered into Indian life and customs, and troubled them not by visions of a better life. The traders were also welcomed; for they furnished a little variety to their lives, and brought rude comforts to them, and gave them a market for their own wares. The Hudson Bay Company had been welcomed to their country; for its policy had always been to court the good-will of the savages, and they had opposed the settlement of the country, and, with the Indians, wished to preserve it as a wilderness. Nor did the Roman Catholic priest meet the same opposition as did the Protestant missionary with his family. The priest came without family,

and therefore did not seem to be so much in opposition to the Indian's wild life.

But Dr. Whitman had brought the colony, and the colonists had brought the measles among them. This disease had spread among the Indians, very many of whom died from it because of their ignorance in caring for the sick. We are told that in the height of the fever the afflicted ones would frequently plunge into the stream for relief, after which, of course, the doctor's medicine could not cure. Then said they, "The doctor cures the white man, but not the Indian; therefore the doctor gives the Indian poison." That seemed to them good reasoning, and it was talked of and brooded over until the dark plot was evolved to take the lives of the entire missionary family (it is the old story); and so the one who was really doing the most for them, working day and night to give them medical aid and teach them the way of life, was looked upon by them as their worst enemy.

Nov. 29, 1847, occurred the massacre of

Dr. Whitman, his noble wife, and twelve others, all of whom belonged to the mission. This was one of the saddest events in the history of Oregon or the Pacific Coast. The doctor had attended the funeral of an Indian in the morning, and, returning to the mission-house, was caring for his three adopted children, who were very ill. Early in the afternoon, a savage came in the house and called for Dr. Whitman. Soon after, the chief, Ti-lau-kait, came in and engaged the doctor in conversation, while another Indian stole in, and, with his tomahawk, struck the missionary a blow on the head. We shall not dwell upon this scene of blood and death. Mrs. Whitman was shot by a young Indian who had received special kindness at her hand. Having tasted blood, and their savage natures having full play, with clubs, knives, and tomahawks, they continued their work of death and torture eight days, until fourteen lives were sacrificed.

Thus ends the life-work of Marcus and

Narcissa Whitman, two of the most consecrated, successful, and heroic missionaries ever sent out by any missionary society. Dr. Whitman was only forty-five years of age when he suffered the death of a martyr, but he had accomplished enough for the life-work of one man. He had saved Oregon to the United States, and given the gospel to the Indians and the white pioneers of the Pacific Coast. As a fitting monument to the memory of this heroic missionary, intrepid pathfinder, and far-seeing patriot, a Christian college has been established at Walla Walla, Wash., which bears the revered name of Marcus Whitman.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

Missionary to Africa.

BORN MARCH 19, 1813; DIED MAY 1, 1873.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

THE visitor in Westminster Abbey, after looking at the royal tombs in the Chapel of Henry VII., and inspecting with nearer interest the tablets and monuments of the famous Poets' Corner, may come out into the great nave of the cathedral, and there, apart from the other famous graves, but, as it were, nearer to the people and even amid them, in the middle of the floor he finds the large slab which bears the name of David Livingstone. Livingstone was certainly not a literary man in the common meaning, though his works hold an important place in English literature; he was certainly not a mere geographical explorer, though no name among the explorers honored by the Royal Geographical Society can compare with his; and mis-

sionaries and directors of missionary work were not quite sure whether he could stand among them. In 1856 the London Missionary Society seemed "desirous of shelving his plans; so he shelved the society." Yet Livingstone, in 1865, after he had been ten years independent of the missionary society, declined Sir Roderick Murchison's tempting invitation to be a mere explorer, and insisted, as he had from the beginning, that "The end of the geographical feat is but the beginning of the missionary enterprise." However others might misunderstand him, in his own mind he was always the missionary explorer and pioneer; the greatest missionary pioneer he really was since the Apostle Paul.

He was born at Blantyre, near Glasgow, Scotland, March 19, 1813, the son of "poor and pious parents," as he himself wrote on their tombstone, giving thanks for their poverty as well as their piety. When nine years old he took a prize for repeating Psalm cxix., "with only two

errors." When but ten he went to work in a cotton factory, and laid his first half-crown of wages in his mother's lap, and with part of that week's pay bought a Latin grammar. For ten years he studied late at night, and at odd minutes in the mill, and read many of the classics. Till about 1833 he was waiting for some gracious, conscious change to come in his character, but, reading Dick's "Philosophy of a Future State," he was led to accept Christ at once with great joy; and Gutzlaff's "Appeal" led him to give himself to missionary work.

He spent two winters (1836-38) in Glasgow, studying Greek in the University, theology with Rev. Dr. Wardlaw, and medicine in Anderson's College; and was accepted by the London Missionary Society to go to China, and at their instance studied theology for a time with the Rev. Richard Cecil, though poor reports of his preaching capacity nearly caused his rejection by the society.

His going to China was delayed by the

opium war; and meeting Moffat, he concluded to go to Africa. He received a medical diploma, and was ordained in November, 1840, and in December sailed for the Cape; and in July, 1841, went to Kuruman, Moffat's station, seven hundred miles north of Cape Town. He spent two years at Kuruman, learning the language and practical missionary methods; and in 1843 established his own first station at Mabotsa, two hundred miles north-east of Kuruman, where he built a house, and took home Mary Moffat as his wife.

His plan was to open up new centres of light among tribes hitherto unevangelized, and raise up native pastors. He had no patience with lingering near the centres of missionary or civilized life. "If you meet me down in the Colony before eight years are expired," he wrote to a friend, "you may shoot me." Near Mabotsa, before his marriage, he had the famous encounter with a lion, which bit through his arm bone. Some one in London asked him what his thoughts were

as the lion stood over him ; and he answered with grim humòr, " I was thinking what part of me he would eat first."

He had built his house to stay at Mabotsa ; but a foolish jealousy on the part of a fellow missionary made him give up his home, and found a second station forty miles north, at Chonuane, the capital of the Bakwains. Here he labored three years, and the chief, Sechéle, was baptized ; but the people suffered from drought, and their "rain-makers" charged it to the missionary. Livingstone thereupon persuaded the tribe to move westward forty miles to the river Kolobeng, where canals could furnish irrigation. This "beat the rain-makers" for the first year ; but later droughts showed the river insufficient, and in 1849, leaving his wife and three children at Kolobeng, he set out in company with two English sportsmen, to find the tribe a healthier home to the north. He discovered Lake 'Ngami, Aug. 1 ; then returned, and the next April set out to occupy it with his wife and children and

the converted chief Sechéle. The children and servants, however, fell ill, and he had to return. A fourth child was born and died ere long; and after fuller preparation he again set out with his family, in April, 1851, for the country of the Makololo, whose king, Sebituane, had been in former years a good friend of Sechéle. This time the journey was successfully accomplished, and Sebituane welcomed them heartily. He soon died; but his daughter, who succeeded him, was equally friendly, and Livingstone continued his explorations, and in June discovered the upper Zambesi.

The Makololo country, however, was not healthful, and the political disorders and strife with the Boers made Kolobeng unsafe; and in 1852 Livingstone took his family to the Cape, and sent them to England, himself returning to the Makololo.

In November, 1853, he set out with a company of natives upon that great exploring tour which led him north-westerly across the watershed of Central Africa, and

brought him, in May, 1854, to the Portuguese town of Loanda on the west coast. Here he rested through the summer, and in September following marched eastward, and explored across the continent from ocean to ocean, reaching the mouth of the Zambesi in May, 1856.

He had sent home from Loanda his astronomical observations and his journals to that point; and the Royal Geographical Society honored him in May, 1855, with its gold medal. His careful studies of the watershed on his eastward journey were of equal value. He discovered the great falls of the Zambesi, and the blank, "unexplored region" from Kuruman to Timbuctoo was covered with his accurate and scientific descriptions and maps; and when from Kilimane he sailed to Mauritius, and thence to England, where he arrived in December, 1856, he was the hero of the hour. His journey of eleven thousand miles through unexplored Africa had brought him into national and world-wide distinction. His meeting with his family was a

greater joy than all his fame, though he found his father's chair empty, Neil Livingstone having died while his son was on his homeward journey.

The London Missionary Society gave him distinguished honor, but doubted the entire wisdom of his plans; and he resigned his connection with them. He prepared and published his first volume, "Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa," which had an immediate popular success, and made him pecuniarily independent. Eminent scientists pronounced it a most valuable contribution to knowledge. It gave a most interesting proof of his personal traits. For example, in describing in the simplest manner an adventure with a buffalo, he says:—

"I glanced around, but the only tree on the plain was a hundred yards off, and there was no escape elsewhere. I therefore cocked my rifle with the intention of giving him a steady shot in the forehead when he should come within three or four yards of me. The thought flashed across my mind, 'What if the gun misses fire?' I placed it at my shoulder as he came on at full speed, and that is

tremendous. A small bush fifteen yards off made him swerve a little, and exposed his shoulder. I heard the ball crack there as I fell flat on my face. The pain must have made him renounce his purpose, for he bounded close past me to the water, where he was found dead. In expressing my thankfulness to God among my men, they were much offended with themselves for not being present to shield me from this danger. The tree near me was a camel-thorn, and reminded me that we had come back to the land of thorns again, for the country we had left is one of evergreens."

The passage, besides its graphic interest, shows Livingstone's coolness in the moment of danger, his devout thankfulness and habit of speaking of God's kind providences to his men, whom he held in friendly regard, and the keen eye of the naturalist noting even the thorns on the bush in the moment of deadly danger.

But, above all, his book reveals his controlling and devoted purpose of missionary exploration ; and more and more the Christian church grows to see the justice of its ideas of missionary work. Especially was it wise in declaring the slave-trade the

great "open sore of the world," which, unhealed, must make the Christianization or civilizing of Africa an impossibility.

In February, 1858, he was appointed British consul for Eastern Africa and the interior, and in March sailed in the Zambesi expedition. He explored the Zambesi from its mouth that season, entered its branch, the Shiré, in January, 1859, and discovered Lake Nyassa Sept. 16, 1859. He was joined by the Oxford and Cambridge missionaries early in 1861; explored with them the Rovuma, and later again explored the Shiré. Jan. 30, 1862, Mrs. Livingstone came to join him, arriving in the naval ship *Gorgon*, which also brought a small steamer, the *Lady Nyassa*, which, at the cost of six thousand pounds, profits of his book, he had had built for lake use.

Mrs. Livingstone died April 27, and at first he was quite prostrated. Later he again explored the Rovuma and Shiré Rivers, and had begun to build a road around the cataracts of the latter river, when letters

were received from England, recalling the expedition as too costly. The recall was in part due to the hostility of the Portuguese authorities, because of his practical interference with the slave-trade.

In need now of money, he sailed his little steamer, the *Lady Nyassa*, to Bombay, to sell her, making a stormy journey of forty-five days ; and from Bombay sailed to England. There he wrote, "The Zambesi and its Tributaries."

In 1865 Sir Roderick Murchison proposed to him to accept a purely geographical appointment, to explore the watersheds of Africa ; but Livingstone declined, being unwilling to put the missionary work anywhere but first. This refusal did not prevent his appointment as British consul in Africa, without salary ; and he accepted this office, and also a commission from the Geographical Society, under which he went to Bombay and sold the *Lady Nyassa* for less than half her cost to him, thence sailing to Zanzibar, whence he went to the mouth of the Rovuma. He had already ascer-

tained that this river had no connection with Lake Nyassa, but he ascended it as far as practicable, and reached Lake Nyassa Aug. 8, spending some weeks in exploring the lake; and then, to settle the question of the watershed, he pressed on northward, and reached Lake Tanganyika April 1, 1867, and demonstrated that it belonged to a system of waters flowing away from the Indian Ocean. Then, pushing west, he came to Casembe in November, discovering Lake Moero, Nov. 8, 1867.

These laborious journeys were most wearing to his health, and he was prostrated by a severe fever in December, and Jan. 1, 1868, wrote in his journal: "Almighty Father, forgive the sins of the past year for thy Son's sake. Help me to be more profitable during this year. If I am to die this year, prepare me for it." This danger of death and these laborious journeys were for no mere explorer's fame. They were the steadfast persistence of his great purpose to accomplish the "geographical feat," which was "but the beginning of the mis-

sionary enterprise ; ” along with which was now his purpose to find and show, north of the Portuguese possessions, and Portuguese official complicity with the slave-trade, an open highway of legitimate commerce, the success of which he was convinced would ever heal “ the open sore of the world.”

Yet he ever bore with him the fitting influence of a devoted missionary of the cross. In the midst of these geographical explorations, while reaching the conclusion that Lake Bangweolo, discovered July 28, 1868, was one of a chain of lakes extending northward and traversed by the Luabala, and wondering if that mighty interior river was not the long-sought upper Nile, he makes this note : “ As for our general discourse, we mention our relationship to our Father ; his love to all his children — the guilt of selling any of his children, the consequence. We mention the Bible, future state, prayers ; advise union, that they should unite as one family to expel enemies, who came first as slave-traders, and

ended by leaving the country a wilderness."

Toward the end of 1868 he was again very ill; and at length resolved to go to Ujiji, on the east shore of Lake Tanganyika. The journey was most exhausting. Half-way to Tanganyika he became so ill that he had to be carried on the march — the first time in thirty years. His men, too, were about worn out. Canoeing on the lake was easier than marching, but taxed them to the utmost. "Patience," he says, "was never more needed than now. I am near Ujiji; but the slaves who paddle are tired, and no wonder; they keep up a roaring song all through their work, night and day. . . . Hope to hold out to Ujiji." They arrived there March 14, 1869.

It was July before Livingstone was sufficiently rested and strengthened to set out on what proved his last journey. His immediate object was the exploration of that country west from the northern land of Lake Tanganyika. The country was said to be occupied by cannibals; but beyond

them was the Lualaba, and the question whether it flowed northward to the Nile was of intense interest. He found the people drunken with palm-toddy, and obstinately obstructive to him. After a short attempt at canoeing on the Lualaba, his ill-health compelled falling back to Bambarré by the lake. In June, 1870, he made another start, but again had to fall back, and was laid up nearly three months with ulcers on his feet. He says that while in this country he "read the whole Bible through four times." He confessed in his journal: "I have an intense and sore longing to finish and retire, and trust the Almighty may permit me to go home."

Jan. 1, 1871, he was still waiting at Bambarré. There ten men came of a larger number sent from Zanzibar by Dr. Kirk, but bringing only one of the forty letters with which they had been sent, and proving most mutinous, worthless scoundrels when he tried to go westward with them. Nevertheless, he pushed on to the Lualaba, but found it wandering off still

westward, apparently with no connection with the Nile. Here, too, he had to witness, with no power to help, the horror and desolation of a slavers' raid, with all its robbery, massacre, and utter desolation. Obligated to return, he came east six hundred miles to Ujiji, to find that there his stores had been stolen, and he was threatened with utter destitution. This was Oct. 23, 1871; and it was in this extremity that he was relieved by the arrival of Henry M. Stanley, of the *New York Herald* relief expedition, Nov. 10.

In September, 1866, men whom Livingstone had brought from Zanzibar deserted him, and in order to get pay on the arrival there, represented that he had been killed by the natives. The report was discredited, but years without messages made it seem not improbable. The Geographical Society commissioned Mr. Edward D. Young to search for Livingstone, and he proved the utter untrustworthiness of the report. But what truth was hidden in these dark and trackless forests it was left

to Stanley to show, after an anxious uncertainty of years. Stanley brought with him abundant equipment; and he and Livingstone together explored the north end of Lake Tanganyika, and found that it had no northern outlet, and so could not be a source of the Nile. Subsequently Stanley was prostrated with fever; and for this and other causes he was with Livingstone till the middle of February, 1872. It belongs to Henry M. Stanley to tell how much of all that is noblest in him has its connection with that heroic missionary whom the *New York Herald's* enterprise sent him out to rescue.

They went together to Unyanyembe, a great Arab settlement between Ujiji and the east coast. There Stanley handed over the stores he had brought for Livingstone, public gifts, and clothing sent by his daughter; and after they had shaken hands and parted, sent up from the coast a company of trusty natives.

Aug. 25 Livingstone left Unyanyembe, and in six weeks was back at Lake Tan-

ganyika. He rounded the southern point, and pushed south and west for Lake Bangweolo. The rainy season had come; and they were much hindered by the "sponge," and were often knee-deep in water. Fever and dysentery reduced Livingstone, till again he had to be carried on a sort of palanquin. Sometimes he was in great pain, and sometimes faint and drowsy. He kept up his journal; but the entries were shorter and shorter, at last little but the dates. He still questioned the men, where he could not observe for himself, about distant hills and the rivers they crossed. April 27, 1873, he wrote, "Knocked up quite, and remain — recover — sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of Molilamo." This was the last entry.

Next day his men lifted him from his bed to a canoe, and crossed the river. They then bore him to the site of the present village of Chitambo, at the southern end of Lake Bangweolo, reaching there with great difficulty, splashing through

dreary stretches of water and sponge till the evening of April 29. He was at times utterly faint. Some of them went ahead, and built him a hut, and there they laid him in bed. Next day he was too ill to talk. At night they helped him select some medicine from the chest. Then he said, "All right; you can go." A lad slept in the hut with him, and towards morning called some of the men. They found his candle burning at his bedside, and Livingstone kneeling there as if in prayer, his face in his hands, but he was dead.

When these poor natives found that "the great master," as they called him, was dead, "with a fidelity which is rare in story, and a sense of responsibility almost unknown in benighted Africa," they buried his heart and internal organs under a tree — Livingstone wrote after his wife's death, "I have often wished that [my resting-place] might be in some far-off, still, deep forest, where I may sleep sweetly till the resurrection morn." His body they em-

balmed, as best they could, by drying; and wrapping it in calico, bark, and canvas; carried it, with all his personal effects, through a hostile country, all the weary way to the coast. It was thence taken to England, and there identified, partly by the arm crushed by the lion's jaw; and was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey.

XXIV.

JAMES WILLIAM LAMBUTH

1829-1892.

Thirty-eight years an active missionary.

BY WALTER R. LAMBUTH.

XXIV.

JAMES WILLIAM LAMBUTH.

ANCESTRY.

THE ancestry of James William Lambuth was missionary. His grandfather, William Lambuth, was a member of the Baltimore Conference, ordained deacon by Bishop Coke and elder by Bishop Asbury. He was sent as a missionary to the wilds of Tennessee in 1800, and appointed to Cumberland Circuit, which embraced portions of the States of Tennessee and Virginia. In those early days Indians and outlaws were about the only inhabitants of the primeval forests, which stretched for hundreds of miles between the settlements of the hardy pioneers. It was a plunge into an unexplored and trackless wilderness; but with a courage born of invincible faith he began traveling his new circuit, and toiled on, enduring many hardships, until he rested from his labors in 1837, leaving behind him a good name and a spotless record.

John Russell, son of William Lambuth, was born in 1801. Converted at the age of fourteen, he immediately set about his life work as a soul-winner. Taking his young companions aside into a grove near the camp ground (where he had just been converted), he poured forth his soul in their behalf, and was instrumental in leading a number of them to Christ.

He was licensed to preach at sixteen, and in 1821 joined the Kentucky Conference. Volunteering for missionary work among the Creoles and Indians of Louisiana, he immediately started south in company with Benjamin Drake, who also had been transferred to the Mississippi Conference.

Provided with a Methodist preacher's outfit—horse, saddlebags, pocket Bible, hymn book, and Discipline—and fired with holy zeal, the hearts of the young preachers beat high with hope as they turned their faces toward the Sunny South. On their way through Nashville, Tenn., they were joined by Bishop George. The three pushed on day after day, following the pioneer's trail under arching pines, through bogs and swamps and turbid streams.

A TRAVELING THEOLOGICAL CLASS.

The good Bishop expounded the Scriptures as they rode along, outlined the doctrines of the Church, put and answered questions, and gave out texts from which they preached at noon while they rested on the roadside. Little did the traveling theological class dream how in after years this method of way-side instruction would be reproduced in a distant land. Often in the life of James William Lambuth did he gather his Chinese helpers about him in the shade of some bamboo grove or on the grassy bank of a canal, and teach them the deep things of God.

Young Lambuth served circuits in Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, and, acquiring both the French and Indian languages, preached in them with considerable fluency. While laboring in Louisiana the conversion of a young Indian made a deep impression upon him. The Indian was convicted of sin under his sermon, and came asking what he must do to obtain peace. He was told to go to the grove, pray, and give his whole heart to God. The following morning he returned in great distress, and said: "Me give dog, me give blanket, me give gun; but me get no

peace. What shall Indian do?" The preacher replied: "Go back, give all these to God, and then give him yourself." He went to the grove at once to pray, and in a short time returned with a beaming face, exclaiming: "Me so happy! Great Spirit bless me! Me happy, so happy!" The young missionary rejoiced with him, and thanked God for the opportunity of pointing a child of the forest to Christ.

METHODISM IN MOBILE.

While John R. Lambuth did valuable work in other portions of the Mississippi Conference, it was with the city of Mobile, Ala., that his life and labors were most closely identified. In 1826-27 he was appointed to the Mobile Mission, where he organized and built the first Methodist Church in that city. Beginning without a member, after two years of faithful effort a commodious church had been built, and that without the burden of a debt, and one hundred and thirty persons received into membership. Bishop Soule wrote of him: "The prudence, perseverance, and zeal of the missionary on this station are worthy of imitation and praise."

DEDICATED AT BIRTH.

At the close of his pastorate in Mobile, John R. Lambuth was married to Miss Nancy Kirkpatrick, and, locating, moved to Green County, Ala., where on March 2, 1830, the subject of this sketch, James William Lambuth, was born. His father was called home from a protracted meeting in which he was assisting, and, returning to attend a missionary service, he made the following statement to the congregation: "I was called home yesterday to the birth of a baby boy. In heartfelt gratitude to God, I dedicate the child to the Lord for a foreign missionary, and add a bale of cotton to send him with."

With such a dedication, it is not surprising that he dates his religious experience almost from infancy. Writing in his journal in later life: "My own dear father and mother taught me to lift my heart to God in prayer, and when five years of age I felt the blessed influences of God's Holy Spirit."

Sometimes there was an air of seriousness beyond his years about this blue-eyed boy; but his life was a natural one for all that, and had its alternations of light and shadow. With a body as lithe as a cat, and endowed

with the clear eye of a huntsman, walking or riding, fishing or hunting were equally attractive to him. In boyhood the stick and the sling were weapons offensive and defensive, but were succeeded in young manhood by the shotgun and rifle, which were unerring in his hands. The young hunter scorned to shoot a squirrel save through the eye, and many a buck and wild turkey were brought down with his trusty rifle.

CONVERSION.

At eight years of age he was brought under profound conviction, and united with the Church, but did not experience regeneration. His membership was an outward help, but we find him constantly yearning for a deeper work of grace. In 1848 he entered the University of Mississippi at Oxford, and during his third year at the university he was happily converted after twelve days and nights of deep conviction and distress of mind. From that hour he determined to do what he could to bring others to Christ. How faithfully he adhered to this determination is evidenced by his lifelong devotion to soul-saving, but noth-

ing short of eternity will reveal the full results of his service.

Graduating in 1852, he returned home and began first the study of medicine, and then that of law, but was soon convinced that there was other work for him to do. He prayed earnestly for direction, while his friends urged him to preach the gospel; but he felt unworthy to enter upon such a holy calling. However, after assisting in many religious meetings and being greatly blessed, he was in 1853 given an exhorter's license, and a few months later license to preach. His first work was among the negroes on his father's farm, and while so engaged he heard and responded to the call made by Bishop Andrew for young men for China.

ANSWERING THE CALL.

Concerning this important step, William Lambuth writes: "The appeal fired my heart with holy zeal, and the blessed Spirit of God stirred my soul within; and I said, 'I will go even to China to preach the gospel.' The missionary hymn had often inspired me with an earnest desire to carry the blessed gospel of Christ to the regions beyond, and it seemed

in the providence of God that the time had come. I talked with my father about it, and his answer was, 'My son, you could have no greater field in which to glorify God and to do good to men than in the preaching of the gospel, and I freely give my consent for you to go to China.' " After making it a subject of prayer, he wrote Bishop Andrew, volunteering for service abroad, and was accepted. In the fall of 1853 the Mississippi Conference met at Canton. He was received into the Conference on trial, and appointed missionary to China by Bishop Capers, who presided.

On October 20, 1853, J. W. Lambuth was married to Miss M. I. McClellan, of Cambridge, N. Y., and they, in company with three other missionary couples, after a farewell missionary meeting at Richmond, Va., repaired to New York, whence they were to take passage. The ship *Ariel*, a small sailing vessel, was to take the missionaries to China. There were no magnificent steamships for such distant seaports in those days. They were to sail and drift sixteen thousand miles down the Atlantic, across the equator, around the Cape of Good Hope, around the continent of Africa, up through the Indian Ocean, across

the equator again, among the islands of Malaysia, out by the Philippines, and up through the China Sea.

What sublime patience these early missionaries had! Four months and a half at sea, amid calm and storm, with bad water, moldy bread, and much of the time spent in a room hardly larger than a piano box. No complaint, however, but rejoicing rather that they, with the great apostle, were worthy "to go far hence unto the Gentiles."

BEGINNING THE WORK.

It was in harmony with William Lambuth's life that he should begin his missionary work with a severe scrutiny of motive and method. Heathenism massed by the archenemy confronted him. He was about to enter the arena of his life work. Like a true soldier, he must test his armor and gird himself for the battle. A few sentences from his journal give the trend of his thought: "Am I living as a child of God? Is God much in my thoughts, and does the consciousness of his presence enter into my daily life, plans, and purposes? Do I sincerely pray, and is God's holy will as such my law?"

The faith, courage, and patience of the new missionaries were the first qualities to be put to the test. The Taiping Rebellion, which had broken out in 1850 in Kwang-si, one of the southwestern provinces, had swept northward and gathered force as it went, until in 1853 the city of Nanking was carried by storm. This threw Shanghai and the surrounding country into a commotion and gave opportunity for a lawless band of Cantonese, more than a thousand in number, to seize and occupy it. These men, called Hoong-der (red heads) from the color of their turbans, secreted themselves near the city wall, throttled the keepers of the gates at the break of day, and dragged the prefect and the district magistrate from their beds and murdered them. Many of the inhabitants were killed or ejected, and the foreigners and imperial soldiers outside the walls were defied by the desperadoes, who were banded together for robbery and pillage.

PERILOUS TIMES.

Our missionary party arrived the year after the seizure of the walled city and before the insurgents had been dislodged. They found

temporary homes with the missionaries, the Lambuths living with Dr. and Mrs. W. G. E. Cunyngham, about six hundred yards from the city wall. So near were they to the batteries on either side that a stray cannon ball would not unfrequently pass through the house or fall in the yard. Two months after reaching Shanghai, the Lambuths were obliged to move out of this house, which was burned to the ground shortly afterwards. It was unsafe to be in the streets, and it was impossible to carry on the work in the interior, but the study of the language was vigorously pursued in the mornings, and the afternoons given to visiting the sick and ministering to the wounded and dying.

This was the day of small things. Two native Christians constituted the Church, and one of these was Mr. Lear, their first preacher. A union meeting of native Christians of all denominations showed an attendance of only twenty, and the entire native Christian community was not half a hundred. At the present writing there is no church or hall in Shanghai spacious enough to hold them.

The missionary restlessness of the great apostle to the Gentiles was characteristic of

William Lambuth. Call it what we may—the pioneer spirit, the deepening sense of obligation to serve men, or the divine love impelling to seek and save the lost—it constantly manifested itself and was irresistible. One day a neighboring village would be visited, and the next a half dozen country hamlets, and perhaps the day following some walled city, into every nook and corner of which the missionary and his assistants penetrated with their evangel. They prayed as they went: “Lord, give thy servants an abundant entrance. We believe thou wilt bless thy word.” The very simplicity of the missionary’s faith made it invincible. Open doors were constantly looked for and constantly found. Nor was he surprised when the Lord honored his faith.

EMBRACING OPPORTUNITIES.

A Chinese gentleman who lived on the shore of the Great Lake invited him to come and preach in his house. Early the following morning, with the promptness of a Havelock, he was on his way, accompanied by Lear. They had not gone far when they met a monster procession moving along the bank of the

canal. It was the birthday of an idol. Here was an opportunity not to be lost; tracts could be distributed, the scriptures sold, and the gospel preached. They quietly stepped ashore and began work. Mr. Lambuth was always careful not to obstruct a religious procession, but their very presence in this case seemed to anger the crowd. The two were soon in the midst of a surging mob. For a few minutes they were in fearful peril, but at the critical moment an adherent of the Roman Catholic Church, thinking they were priests, rescued them at the risk of his own life. One would suppose this would have ended the effort for that day. Not so. Nothing daunted, they preached on the outskirts of the crowd, nor beat a retreat until again assaulted, their book sacks torn, and they themselves pelted with bricks and mud. Still the day was not counted lost. The intrepid missionary said: "In going a little way from the place we found our native friend still with us. Glad of the opportunity, we explained to him the difference between the Yasu Kiau (Jesus doctrine) and that of the Roman Catholic Church. He went on with us some two miles and heard us preach again. We left him rejoicing and with

the promise that he would come to Shanghai to see us immediately."

Pushing on to the Great Lake, where Mr. Sung lived, the gentleman who had invited them, they were met by their host and conducted to his house. Refreshed with a cup of tea, they preached without loss of time to a great multitude of people on the shore of the lake gathered from the adjacent tea and silk farms. The effort was followed up by the distribution of tracts to those who could read. On their way home Leah had an adventure with a drunken man, who struck him in the eye, breaking his spectacles, and threatened to throw him into a pond. Shaking him off, they reached a Buddhist temple served by a lone priest. "He went in," writes Mr. Lambuth, "lit his candle for us, and we sat with him about two hours telling him of Jesus and the true God." A picture for a Rembrandt: the candle-lit shadows of Buddhism, the sunshine of a glorified Christianity.

INCESSANT EFFORT.

It was constantly busy with such work as this that Dr. Lambuth spent thirty-two years in active service in China. While he consid-

ered the occupation of the cities of great importance, and from the first endeavored to intrench the forces of the mission in the various walled towns of the Kiang-su Province, he did not overlook the fact that the cities are fed by the more vigorous life of the rural districts. Itinerating tours alternated monthly with work in Shanghai, where in those early days we can trace his footsteps as he goes about doing good. He seems to preach all the time, pray all the time, and visit all the time. And yet a heavy correspondence and the study of the language claimed many of the early and late hours of the day. He had much of the system of Wesley and the devotional habits of Fletcher. While difficulties multiplied on every hand, and seeming discouragements were enough to dismay the stoutest heart, he quietly pressed on with faith in God and in the ultimate success of the gospel.

It hardly seems credible that one so busily employed in travel, preaching, and personal work should have had time to devote to the preparation of a Christian literature. Yet we find him on a committee of translation of the Scriptures into the Shanghai dialect, and en-

gaged in the translation and publication of a large number of hymns, Wesley's "Sermons," the Discipline, Binney's "Theological Compend," Ryle's "Notes on the Gospels," Ralston's "Elements of Divinity," and a number of schoolbooks, including a geography and an astronomy, besides catechisms and manuals of various kinds.

He opened a boarding school for boys in Shanghai and a number of day schools at different points in the interior. He trained a number of native preachers and assistants, giving them systematic instruction in the Bible and in the evidences of Christianity. Some of these men have passed to their reward after years of faithful and devoted effort, while others still cherishing his spirit are doing their best to be true to their trust which came to them in the gospel through his hands. It is not too much to say that the foundations of our itinerant work and the development of a native agency in the China Mission were mostly due to his patient, loving efforts during the more than three decades of laborious service in which he was always ably seconded by his gifted wife.

OPENING THE JAPAN MISSION.

The following words are found in a letter written in 1885 by Dr. J. W. Lambuth to Dr. D. C. Kelley, who was Assistant Secretary and Treasurer of the Board of Missions: "If our Board opens a mission in Japan, I am ready to go there and help in that work." This sentiment did not express dissatisfaction with the results of the work done in China. It was rather the expansion of the missionary idea which had grown out of a life-long study of the purpose of God in the redemption of every nation. A study of the field in Japan, with almost daily contact with either missionaries or natives from the Island Empire, had deepened the conviction that the hour had come for our Church to enter.

Bishop H. N. McTyeire, then in charge of the China Mission, in writing to Dr. Lambuth at this time expressed himself as follows: "I trust the Lord's providence directs in this matter, and that he is leading to good and even great results. May your valuable life long be preserved and your strength be renewed, and may its labors be conserved in this Japan field with the best and largest results." The reply of the simple-hearted missionary

was characteristic: "We thank you and the friends for this determination to open a mission in Japan. We shall go leaning on the omnipotent arm of God and seeking in our work the guidance of the Holy Spirit and his blessing." In pursuance of the instructions of the Bishop, Dr. J. W. Lambuth and Dr. O. A. Dukes landed in Kobé in July, 1886, followed in November by Dr. W. R. Lambuth.

ESTABLISHING HEADQUARTERS.

Japan was a new and untried field, but, relying upon the guidance of the Divine Spirit, whose presence he had invoked, the founder of the mission wisely settled upon Kobé as his headquarters. This growing city of over 100,000, upon a magnificent bay at the eastern entrance of the Inland Sea, is the hinge upon which both land and sea travel turns in all that section. No better base could have been selected for evangelistic effort. At a distance of only twenty miles the city of Osaka can be seen with more than half a million people, its public buildings and its factory chimneys gleaming in the evening sun until it seems like Venice to float on the water. Beyond Osaka, some fifty miles by rail, is

Kioto, the western capital of Japan, with its three hundred thousand inhabitants, its numerous temples, its potteries, and especially its schools. Thus within seventy-five miles we have the principal commercial, manufacturing, and educational centers of Japan, while along the Inland Sea and in the interior is a population of 15,000,000 souls within almost twenty-four hours' reach by boat or rail.

FOUNDER AND FATHER OF THE MISSION.

Dr. J. C. C. Newton, in writing about the early days of the mission, speaks in the following terms of J. W. Lambuth and the first missionaries: "We know how their hearts burned with the fires of Christ's love as they quickly saw stretching out far and wide the fields white for the harvest; and we know, too, how the heart of the old warrior was stirred with an ardor equal to that of the two younger men. With a rapidity that astonished other missionaries in Japan he went through all the coasts of the Inland Sea, preaching and talking to the people. In fact, there is scarcely a point in our whole field, from Kobé to Oita, that was not either opened by him or with which his labors are not connected. Of the

Kobé Church, which for so long a time worshiped in his house, he is especially to be named as the founder and father.

“His last trip into the interior was to Tadotsu. By invitation of Rev. C. B. Moseley, presiding elder of that district, he preached and dedicated the new house of worship. It was fitting that he should dedicate the house, for he opened the work there and ever watched the tender vine planted in that seat of idolatry. His constant interest in the welfare of the Japanese people, and his untiring labor for their salvation, are known and read of all. There is no desire to forget the splendid work of others, but this now sainted man of God is the father of our work, and alike by our Japanese Christians and by the missionaries he will ever be named our father.”

UNRESERVED CONSECRATION.

In a memorial service held immediately after his death, Dr. Newton brought out several characteristics which are true of his life and ministry:

“First, one of the strong characteristics of his whole career, and also the secret of his usefulness, was his unreserved conse-

cration to the one thing. When as a young man just from college, he heard the call of God to go preach the gospel in the far-off lands, he said: 'Here am I; send me.' There was then and there a complete giving up of everything to that one thing. Kindred, parents, the prospect of a successful career in his native State—all were laid forever on the altar. Henceforth he cared for nothing, sought for nothing, except as it stood related to the preaching of the gospel to the heathen. Social amenities, hospitality (this abounded always), were all consecrated to the one great end in the name of Christ. Nor was he to be a missionary for a limited time—five or six years—and then to return. Nay, he was a missionary for life. Some of us had been thinking he ought to go to America, but he has fallen at his post, just where he wanted to finish his course; and with joy, too. He has given us an example of lifelong, entire consecration to the one thing to which God had called him.

DECISION OF CHARACTER.

"Secondly, there was a quiet, gentlemanly decision of character which it is well for us to

ponder. His indomitable will stands out as an example worthy of all imitation as it was illustrated during the late dreadful Civil War. During those long years of fratricidal conflict, cut off from the support and almost from all communication from the home Church, he remained at his post through it all and carried on his missionary work. I trust that I may be pardoned for saying in the presence of the living this: When all the annals of missionary labor shall have been written up, no page of those annals will shine brighter than the one that records the unquenchable devotion and heroic self-sacrifice of Dr. Lambuth and of his equally heroic wife. In the presence of difficulties that made other stout hearts fail, his never did.

EXALTED STANDARD OF LIFE.

“Thirdly, he maintained an exalted standard of Christian life, illustrating in his own personal life the principles of the gospel which he preached to others. Did he preach repentance? He himself had repented and renounced every form of sin and needless fleshly indulgence. Faith in Christ as the Lamb of God, the precious Blood that

cleanseth from all sin—this he constantly preached; and his own faith was a living everyday reality. Did he preach the office and work of the Holy Ghost? With him it was not a mere theory. He had the witness of the Spirit. Did he exhort the native Christians unto love supreme toward God, and toward each other brotherly love? He himself was an example of consecrated and unselfish love.

“And here is the secret of that profound respect which the people of China and Japan have for him. People can read the inner heart of their spiritual teachers. This is true everywhere, and especially so in the East. They saw in him the actual experience and power of a redeemed man. The deep love of Christ for their souls—the Christ they had not seen—they saw illustrated, demonstrated in Christ’s messenger whom they had seen. The purity of his thoughts, the singleness of his aim, took hold upon their respect and confidence. This is a matter most important to us. The power and holiness of the heart sanctified by the Holy Ghost, the exalted standard of his life, the absolute certainty and boldness with which he preached a present and

full salvation from all the sin of the spirit and filthiness of the flesh—this is the model for us.”

It was in the month of April, when the beautiful Japanese maples begin to leaf, that Dr. Lambuth made his last trip into the interior. A little group of Japanese Christians in the city of Tadotsu, on the southern shore of the Inland Sea, had been for months earnestly studying the Word of God, and had resolved to build a church in which they might worship and the gospel be preached. They were within a short distance of the greatest heathen shrine in all Japan, for do not thousands of pilgrims come annually by sea and land to bow down before Kōmpira, whose fame is known to every sailor and whose virtues have penetrated every home? Despite all this, the little band had never lost heart. The men had given their ancient armor and the women their silken robes that the proceeds of sale might be devoted to the erection of a Christian temple, and the oldest member of the mission—their spiritual father—was invited to dedicate it to the Lord.

It was his last work. He caught a severe cold from sleeping on the floor, and returned

to Kobé with it rapidly deepening into pneumonia. There was much pain, but no complaint. After a very trying night, he greeted Rev. W. E. Towson with the words: "God has been so good to me." Later on through the same brother missionary he transmitted these words to the native Church: "Tell them to be faithful—faithful to the end." To the Church at home he sent the message: "Tell them I died at my post. We have a great work to do; tell them to send more men."

In the light of a life wholly devoted to the service of his Master, with what can we close this sketch more appropriately than the words of Dr. S. H. Wainright, who, in summing up the characteristics of this truly apostolic missionary, said: "He was persistent in work, unceasing in prayer; always busy, always praying, always talking to men of God, always talking of God to men?"

XXV.

REV. CHARLES TAYLOR, M.D., D.D.

1819-1897.

Founder of the China Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church,
South.

BY WALTER R. LAMBUTH.

XXV.

REV. CHARLES TAYLOR, M.D., D.D.

ONE of the most interesting features of the General Missionary Conference held in New Orleans in the spring of 1901 was the presentation of a gavel by Mrs. M. D. Wightman, President of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. The gavel was made of wood from the pulpit of the old Methodist Church on the Darlington Circuit, in South Carolina. Bishop E. R. Hendrix, who occupied the chair and received the gavel from the hands of Mrs. Wightman, alluded in beautiful and appropriate words to the fact that Charles Taylor, then junior preacher on the circuit, knelt frequently behind the pulpit of what was known as the Friendship Church, and fresh from his knees earnestly pleaded the obligation of the Church to carry the gospel to the heathen in the regions beyond. What wonder that this young man should have been the first in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to have offered himself for the great work of world-wide evangelization? Every epoch in the his-

tory of the Church has had its beginning in prayer. It was not otherwise with the foreign missionary movement of our own Methodism. The founding of the China Mission was the initial step in a series of great evangelistic movements which have carried the evangel of the Christ into many lands and brought back in reflex waves an untold blessing to the Church at home.

THE MOTHER OF MISSIONS.

The South Carolina Conference may well be styled "The Mother of Missions." On the marble shaft which marks the resting place of Bishop William Capers, in the city of Columbia, are the words: "The Founder of Missions to the Slaves." The zeal of the Methodist preachers in that section for the salvation of the negroes was an inspiration to all the Southern Conferences. "The annals of missionary toil," wrote Dr. I. G. John, "can furnish fewer nobler evidences of heroic sacrifice than were found in the self-denying efforts of those men who labored on the negro missions. On the rice plantations of the Atlantic coast and the sugar and cotton plantations of the Gulf States they bore the message

of life to the cabins of the slaves, teaching the children and training their parents respecting the doctrines and duties that must govern a Christian life. Every Christian master and mistress coöperated gladly in the work.

. . . In 1860, when the war disturbed our labors among these people, the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, reported a colored membership of 207,776, or nearly as many as the entire number of communicants that, in that day, had been gathered into Church relations by all the Protestant missionaries at work in the heathen world. When the record of the evangelization of the sons of Ham is written by the pen of an impartial historian, the work of the missionaries of the Southern Methodist Church will appear chief among the agencies employed by our Master for the redemption of the African race."

Capers may be regarded also as "the pioneer of Methodist missions among the Indians of the Southern States." In 1822, six years before systematic effort was organized for the negroes, he was appointed the first superintendent of Asbury Mission among the Creek Indians, with Rev. Isaac Hill as missionary.

It was to this man, then a presiding elder, of catholic spirit and world-wide vision, that Charles Taylor, who had joined the South Carolina Conference, opened his heart, saying: "If the Church decides to establish a mission in Persia, India, or China, I am willing to go where I am needed most." In William Capers the Lord had provided a wonderful organizer of missionary movements; in Charles Taylor we have a man providentially qualified for laying foundations that will abide.

PARENTAGE AND EARLY LIFE.

Charles Taylor was born in Boston, Mass., on September 15, 1819. His father, Dr. Oliver Swaine Taylor, was at that time the Assistant Treasurer of the American Board of Missions and assistant editor of their monthly periodical, the *Panoplist*, afterwards, and still continued as, the *Missionary Herald*. He was a graduate of Dartmouth College, a physician, a Presbyterian minister, and for many years a teacher. His parents having moved to the State of New York, Charles at the age of fifteen walked most of the way to New York City, a distance of three hundred miles, helping to drive a herd of cattle, for which

service he received the small compensation of a few dollars. Immediately on his arrival he set about seeking employment, and soon found an opening in a dry goods store. The proprietor just about that time had been happily converted at a protracted meeting in the Bedford Street Methodist Church, and, being desirous that those in his employ should experience a similar blessing, offered any of his clerks who wished to avail themselves of the opportunity time from their regular hours at the store to attend the meetings. Charles did so, and, becoming interested, went forward to the "altar" for prayer and instruction every night for about two weeks, when he too found peace in believing.

CALL TO PREACH.

Though reared a Presbyterian, he, with the full consent of his parents, united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Soon after this he felt strangely impressed that it was his duty to preach. During a session of the New York Conference in that city, Bishop Andrew presiding, the Duane Street Sunday School, to which Charles then belonged, had a public celebration, and he was appointed to

deliver a short speech as a part of the exercises. The Bishop was present that night, and had consented to preside on the occasion. On the way to the home of the family where he was entertained he said to those in the carriage with him: "The little fellow who made that speech to-night will become a Methodist preacher some of these days."

His father being for many years principal of several academies, the greater part of the son's early life had been passed in the school-room. After remaining nearly two years in the store, he returned to his boyhood home, and, after spending several months there, reviewing his former studies, he returned to the city in September, 1836, and, after examination, was admitted to the Freshman Class in the New York University. He found himself with only \$3.62, and this small sum hardly sufficed to buy two or three indispensable text-books. Then how was he to live? He found employment in the office of the *New York Observer*, writing the whole of every Thursday night directing papers, for which he was paid one dollar, which after a few weeks was increased to one dollar and twenty-five cents.

SELF-SUPPORT.

The room in which the printing, folding, and mailing of the weekly edition of the paper were done was a large cellar basement, some fifteen feet under ground, and about fifty by thirty feet in space. There was a large stove near the middle of the apartment, but its heat was far from sufficient to warm the large stone-walled basement, which had holes for ventilation, and these would let in large draughts of freezing winter air. So our young friend's feet, after hours of suffering, would become so thoroughly benumbed by the cold that he could not feel them at all, and he thought they might have been cut off without giving him pain. His hands would become so cold that it was with the greatest difficulty that he could hold his pen, and sometimes he would only know it was between his fingers by seeing it there instead of feeling it. When morning came, and the work of the night was over, the thawing out of his hands and feet by the stove was accompanied by severe pain; but they soon became so restored that he could start on his walk of over a mile along the tortuous streets of the great city to his cheerless attic; and then, with his

text-books under his arm, he would hasten to a kind family which provided him with a warm breakfast, and, thus fortified, would go on to his daily recitation. Before the next winter came on the mailing department of the *Observer* was removed to a comfortable room on the second floor of the building.

Dr. John M. Reid, for many years one of the Missionary Secretaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was converted during the same meeting and at the same altar with the subject of this sketch, and the two became lifelong friends. The father of young Reid, living in another part of the city, owned a two-story brick store and dwelling combined on Spring Street, in which was a small attic room or garret on the third floor that was partly filled with rubbish, but was the only one in the house unoccupied. This was kindly offered to our young friend if he could make it habitable, and Mrs. Reid loaned him a small cot bedstead and mattress, some articles of bedclothing, a chair, a small box cupboard, and a few dishes with which to begin house-keeping. He bought a small stove at second-hand for one dollar, and a small pine table for \$1.25. A large goods box held the few bush-

els of coal he had purchased and carried up from the street. Thus equipped, he set up keeping "bachelor's hall." For food he bought a loaf of baker's bread and a pint of molasses, which cost but little, and lasted about two days, and this made his dollar a week more than support him, though he often felt the cravings of hunger. Still he was cheerful, hopeful, enthusiastic, and happy—studied diligently, and kept in the first grade of his class in all his college studies through the whole four years' course.

ASSOCIATION WITH MORSE.

It was in the university that the young student became associated with Prof. Morse, who appreciated so highly his intelligent interest in science that he availed himself of his assistance in his first experiment in telegraphy. Dr. Taylor in after life often referred to the delightful hours with Morse who, while employed in coiling the wire of his batteries in the half barrels arranged in rows around the walls of his laboratory and in the halls of the university, aroused in his assistant a thirsting for knowledge which burned like a fire in his bones. While the great scientist

electrified his students with glowing zeal and pleasurable anticipation of great discoveries, he little realized in the case of young Taylor how, as we have already indicated, the swift hours of the day were offset by long nights of toil.

During his Friday's recitations he would be so completely overcome by drowsiness from the loss of sleep for the whole night before that on one occasion his book dropped from his hands to the floor. This mishap brought a reproof from the professor. When the young student at the close of the recitation explained to him the cause, his eyes moistened and he apologized with words of commendation. A kind family, but of moderate means, who were cognizant of young Taylor's circumstances and labors, insisted that he should come to their house every Friday morning and get a warm breakfast, the better to brace him up for the duties of the day after his night of toil. Occasionally, too, there were other friends who had become aware of his condition and would invite him to a meal with them.

HEROIC SELF-DENIAL.

Winter soon came on with unusual sever-

ity, and our youth was but poorly prepared to endure its rigors. He would sometimes lie awake the whole night long, shivering with cold, being unable to sleep for want of sufficient bed covering, and occasionally would find his bed partly covered with snow, which had sifted in through the crevices and broken glass of the ill-fitting windows and dilapidated roof.

He would now and then vary his diet by indulging in the more expensive luxuries of crackers, cheese, and smoked herring. He had thus lived so sparingly that at the close of the first year in the university he had saved not only enough to pay his traveling expenses to his home for the summer vacation, but had eight dollars over, which he gave to his surprised and delighted mother.

As the fall season drew near, in which he was to return to the university, he collected from a dilatory patron a long-overdue tuition bill given him by his father, with which to defray his expenses back to the city. For this year he secured a large and comfortable room in the university building, the rent for which he and his two or three roommates paid by doing watchman's duty, going alternately

through the building every half hour during the night to guard against incendiaries; for, a few months before, a pile of combustibles just lighted had been discovered in the cellar barely in time to prevent a conflagration.

He still continued the same frugal diet as in the year before, but had in the meantime found an opportunity to do some writing in another newspaper office, also at night, once in two weeks, the proceeds of which so added to his income that on arrival at home on his second summer vacation he placed five five-dollar gold pieces under his mother's plate at the table. As she turned it up her eyes filled with tears, and her look of surprise and gratitude, mingled with pride and pleasure as she embraced and kissed her boy, made that one of the happiest moments in his life, and amply compensated him for all the self-denials involved in the gift.

FIRST MISSIONARY ADDRESS.

He had attached himself to the Greene Street Methodist Church and became a member of the Bible class taught by the celebrated Joseph Longking, the author of "Notes on the Gospels," etc. His friend, John M. Reid,

a little older than himself, was also a member of the same class and President of the Juvenile Missionary Society that had been organized in the Sunday school and held monthly meetings of great interest. Here our young friend wrote and delivered his first missionary address, and about this time formed the purpose that if the way should ever be opened he would go as a missionary to the heathen.

His health having suffered somewhat from his irregular mode of living, he made arrangements with some friends to take regular board with them, they agreeing to wait for payment until he might be able by teaching after his graduation to liquidate the debt. He, however, paid them as he went along from the proceeds of his night work in the newspaper offices, which he still kept up with increased labor and compensation. So things went on through the two remaining years of his university course, at the end of which he graduated, in June, 1840, with the highest honors of his class.

TEACHING IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

During that same month he met Dr. William M. Wightman, then editor of the *South-*

ern Christian Advocate, who had come to New York on a visit, and who encouraged him to come to South Carolina and carry out his plans for teaching. He accordingly in that fall took passage in a schooner from New York to Charleston, and, arriving there safely, was hospitably welcomed by the family of Rev. John Mood. He at first engaged in an enterprise that promised more lucrative and speedy remuneration than teaching, but which proved to be a failure and brought him some two hundred dollars more deeply in debt. He then, toward the close of the winter, taught a private school in Aiken, S. C., for a few months, when a more desirable position was offered him as tutor in a private family for the summer season, near Flat Rock, N. C.

During this time Dr. Wightman (afterwards Bishop) had kept him in mind, and, being President of the Board of Trustees of the South Carolina Conference School at Cokesbury, presented the name and secured the election of his young friend to fill a vacancy that had occurred in the faculty of that institution in the fall of 1841, with such a liberal salary as enabled him in three years to pay all

his debts and send several hundred dollars to his parents besides. While thus employed as classical teacher, he was licensed to preach in 1842, and on Saturdays and Sundays filled many appointments at the various churches on the Cokesbury Circuit. Toward the close of a memorable year in 1844, he declined a flattering offer from the trustees to increase his salary by one-half if he would remain in the school, and applied for admission on trial into the South Carolina Conference at its session in Columbia. Bishop Andrew presided, and when informed that one of the class just admitted was the little fellow of whom he had made the prediction ten years before remarked that in that case at least he had proved himself to be a true prophet.

ON THE DARLINGTON CIRCUIT.

At this Conference he was appointed junior preacher on the Darlington Circuit, which required travel of two hundred and forty miles, with preaching twenty-four times in twenty-eight days, leaving only each Monday in the month for a rest day. During the latter part of that year, when his presiding elder, Dr. William Capers, came to hold one of the

quarterly meetings, they stayed at the same house; and after dinner on Saturday the conversation turned to our Church, which had just been organized a few months before by the convention at Louisville, Ky. Dr. Capers remarked that now, as we were entering on a new era in our history, the Church should inaugurate some foreign missionary enterprise, in order at once to stimulate the energy and active liberality of our people.

The young preacher heartily coincided with this view, and remarked that he had long contemplated engaging in such work, and was only waiting for an opportunity to carry out his purpose. The good Doctor seemed surprised and pleased, and immediately asked to what foreign field he had thought of going. The young man replied that he had not fixed upon any particular field, but would be willing to go anywhere—Persia, India, China, or wherever he might be most needed. Dr. Capers then asked him if he would really be willing to go to China. He unhesitatingly replied that he would. The Doctor then requested him to write him a letter proposing such a mission, and said he would publish it in the *Southern Christian Advocate*, accompany-

ing it with comments of his own. This was done, and followed up by several others from young Taylor, strongly urging the project.

APPOINTED TO CHINA.

At the first General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, held in the city of Petersburg, Va., during May of the next year (1846), Dr. Capers was elected bishop, a Board of Missions was organized, and Charles Taylor was appointed the first missionary of our Church to China. It was at the close of this year, on December 27, that he was married to Miss Charlotte Jane Gamewell, who was born in Marlboro District, S. C., on May 20, 1828, and was the youngest child of Rev. John Gamewell, who had been ordained by Bishop Asbury and was one of the pioneer preachers of the South Carolina Conference. The distance to China was so great, and the possibilities of sickness and other trials were such, that it was thought eminently desirable that Dr. Taylor should have a colleague. Consequently a volunteer was called for through the Church papers, and it seemed surprising that nearly two years elapsed before one was found. In the meantime Tay-

lor was diligently studying medicine, and attended two courses of lectures in Philadelphia, graduating there and receiving his diploma in March, 1848. A short time before that Benjamin Jenkins, superintendent of the printing office of the *Southern Christian Advocate*, was secured, licensed to preach, and appointed as a colleague to Dr. Taylor, who had been ordained a deacon by Bishop Capers in 1846, and both proceeded to Norfolk, Va., where farewell missionary services were held by Bishop Andrew, who first ordained Brother Jenkins as deacon in the forenoon, and then ordained both as elders in the afternoon.

The Bishop and Dr. Wightman, who had come from Charleston to be present, informed Dr. Taylor that, as he had made the matter a study for over two years, the Board of Missions had left the selection of the point at which to begin our work in China exclusively to him. He fixed upon Shanghai as in his judgment possessing advantages and opportunities superior to those of any of the other ports open to occupancy, and accordingly decided upon that location.

OUTWARD BOUND.

The two missionaries, with their families,

sailed from Boston on April 24, 1848, on the *Cleone*, a very small and uncomfortable ship. Their sleeping rooms were about seven feet long by about five in width, on each side of a cabin about seven feet by nine, which constituted their only sitting room for five long months of the voyage. Their fare was but little better than that furnished our soldiers during the late war, consisting mainly of salt junk and hard-tack. To add to their discomfort, the captain was a surly, ill-tempered man, and frequently cursed Brother Jenkins's children. Dr. Taylor asked his permission to hold public worship on Sunday on deck for the benefit of the ship's company and sailors. He consented so reluctantly, and showed such a manifest dislike for the services, that after a few Sundays they were discontinued.

After three months without sight of land their ship entered the Strait Sunda, between the islands of Java and Sumatra. The natives, Malays, brought off many boat loads of tropical fruits, besides pigs, ducks, geese, and turtles, so that from this time on their food was far more palatable.

A month longer of sailing through the Java Sea and the great Eastern Archipelago,

passing the islands of Borneo, Celebes, and the Philippines, brought them to Hongkong. Arriving there, the health of Mrs. Jenkins was so feeble that the husband took the family ashore, while Dr. Taylor, his wife, and their infant son, after spending a week at Canton, proceeded one thousand miles up the coast of China to Shanghai. Encountering strong head winds in the Formosa Channel, this part of the voyage took a month longer.

Arriving at last at the port of their destination, they were most hospitably received and entertained by the Baptist missionaries, who had preceded them there, and who assisted them in renting a Chinese dwelling. Dr. Taylor at once procured a native teacher, and applied himself so assiduously to the study of the language that at the end of six months he made his first effort at preaching. After nine months of unavoidable delay, his colleague arrived and joined him at Shanghai.

STREET PREACHING.

After acquiring enough of the spoken dialect to make himself readily understood, the missionary would take daily walks into the city, conversing with the natives in their

shops and stores, discoursing to crowds at their places of public resort, and distributing tracts to such as could read. The most noted place of public gatherings was the large open space in front of the "Ching Wong Mian" (the City Guardian's Temple). Here would assemble jugglers, gamblers, cricket fighters, tooth pullers—displaying a peck or so of teeth which they claimed to have extracted—quack specialists, and mountebanks of all imaginable varieties. The missionary would take his stand on the topmost steps of the temple, its wide portals open behind him, and with the huge idols in full view would descant on the folly of worshiping such objects, the work of their own hands. The (at that time) novel sight of a foreigner and hearing him speak their own language soon drew the crowds from all the other centers of attraction, leaving them deserted, and venting their wrath in abusing him who had so unceremoniously attracted their customers and listeners to himself. In this way he would often have as many hearers as could stand packed together within the sound of his voice.

SCHOOL WORK.

He also established a day school by renting

a suitable room and employing a native teacher at three dollars a month. He visited the families in the neighborhood, inviting them to send their children free of charge, with the understanding that they were to be taught Christian doctrines while learning their own language. Very few objected to this, being too poor to pay for their tuition and considering it very desirable that all their boys should be educated in their own language and literature, knowing that if they should develop into scholars and be able to pass the regular examinations they would become eligible to any office in the empire. They were also encouraged to send their daughters, and quite a number did so.

As the Chinese have no weeks in their reckoning time, but only years and months, or moons, etc., working every day alike all the year round, excepting special festive days, which are numerous—the missionaries prepared and had printed, on single pages or sheets, a calendar, according to their own computing of time, and in parallel columns, side by side with it, our own, showing on what days of their moons our Sundays came; and in accordance with their custom of keeping

up their schools through all the days, they did not dismiss theirs on Sundays, but simply changed it to a Sunday school, requiring the teacher to use only Christian books—copies of the Gospels, tracts, a catechism—teaching them especially the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments, which were written in characters large enough to be read from the farthest part of the room and hung on scrolls four or five feet long against the wall over the teacher's platform. Most of the pupils learned to repeat all these from memory.

TRANSLATION.

Dr. Taylor also wrote, and with the aid of his teacher translated into the Shanghai dialect and had printed in tract form, a "Compendium of Christian Doctrine," of which, with other tracts and leaflets, he distributed many thousands. On one sheet, nearly a foot square, he had printed the Ten Commandments, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer, together with a calendar, both Chinese and foreign in parallel columns, showing on what days of the moons their Sundays occurred, and distributed an edition of ten thousand of them with his own hands in the shops and

dwelling of the city, accompanying each with the request that it be pasted on the wall in a conspicuous place. In looking into many of these places as he passed through the streets of the city days and weeks afterwards, he had the satisfaction of seeing that the request had been complied with in many instances.

MEDICAL WORK.

Occasional excursions by boat into the surrounding cities and towns constituted an interesting part of his work. He would on such occasions take along a supply of medicines, as well as books and tracts, and administer to such cases as could come to him at his boat. Crowds would assemble at every stopping place, whom he would instruct as well as relieve. He found his medical practice a most valuable adjunct to his efforts at gaining the confidence and good will of the people, and it often gave him access to many whom he could reach by no other means. On one occasion he performed a successful operation on the eye of a poor man, which so greatly relieved him that he continued to express his appreciation every day for a long time.

In many instances where relief was afforded the patients uttered most extravagant expressions of gratitude. It greatly surprised them that the foreigner would give them medical and surgical treatment, and remedies so far superior to the bulky and nauseous compounds of their own apothecaries, and yet require no remuneration in return. One poor fellow showed me a dried centiped four inches long, which he was about to pulverize and swallow in a cup of tea as a remedy for rheumatism in his knee. He said he had taken one already. This was in accordance with one of the principles of Chinese medical philosophy, which is that portions of certain animals taken internally will impart to the persons who take the remedies the qualities that distinguish those animals. Therefore, because the centiped is remarkably flexible, it would remove the stiffness of a rheumatic limb.

NATIVE REMEDIES.

The compounders of native medicines take a live deer and beat it in a large stone mortar—horns, hoofs, hide, hair, bones, flesh, and entrails—to an indistinguishable mass, which they make up into large pills to be sold to

persons who have become infirm or decrepit, either from age or disease, with the idea that they will impart agility and renewed vigor to those thus enfeebled, because, forsooth, the deer is a remarkably active animal. In accordance with this sage theory, pills made of the bones of tigers are given to soldiers before going into battle to render them fierce and brave.

The native physicians always feel the pulse in both wrists before they prescribe. They assert that there is a difference in the pulsations, and they pretend to distinguish nearly a hundred varieties in the character of the pulse. As they never practiced dissection—having a great horror of cutting a dead body, and, indeed, a living one also, for the use of the knife in surgery is unknown to them—their ideas of anatomy are exceedingly crude and absurd. For instance, in some drawings pretending to show the internal structure of the human body you will see exhibited five parallel tubes leading from the throat into the stomach!

Notwithstanding these and many other crudities, the experience of centuries has taught them the properties of many really

valuable remedial agents, mostly vegetable, of which they have an immense variety—herbs, barks, roots, leaves, flowers, seeds, gums, and berries. They also have some mineral medicines, among which are several preparations of gold, silver, copper, iron, and mercury. This last named they call “water silver.” The diseases prevalent at Shanghai are similar to those in corresponding latitudes and localities in this country; but the native treatment, being entirely empirical, is far from being successful. When there is temporary mental aberration, which often occurs during sickness, they say one of the three souls, which they imagine every person possesses, has left the body, and we have sometimes heard the relatives of the sufferer howling about the vicinity of the dwelling through the whole night, calling the strayed soul to return home to its abode.

LEPROSY AND SMALLPOX.

Diseases of the eye are far more common than with us, and great numbers of persons of all ranks and ages thus afflicted come to Mr. Taylor for treatment. Many were relieved by local applications, and many others by surgi-

cal operations. Cutaneous diseases are also very prevalent, especially among the lower classes, arising mainly from their neglect of personal cleanliness. Here also, for the first time, he saw cases of leprosy. It is contagious and regarded as incurable. Smallpox is common, but they have learned to guard against its ravages by inoculation in infancy. The mode is singular. Selecting that age of the child, the condition of the system, and the season of the year which experience has taught them to be most favorable, they take a bit of cotton, and, going to one who has the disease fully developed, they pick open a pustule, saturate the cotton with the virus, and insert it in both nostrils of the child. This of course communicates the disease. Their treatment consists chiefly in dieting, exclusion of light, and keeping the body and limbs confined in a bag which is tied around the neck. The issue is generally favorable, but it sometimes results in death. Vaccination was introduced by foreign missionary physicians, and greatly delighted the natives as being less troublesome and hazardous, while it was quite as efficacious. Elephantiasis is another disease which is, if we are not mistaken, more

frequently met with in China than in most other countries. He saw a case in which the leg at the knee was twenty-seven inches in circumference. It was hard and rough like that of an elephant, and nearly as large all the way up to the body; hence the name.

GRATEFUL PATIENTS.

Here is a specimen of letters to him by some of his patients:

“Respectfully imploring of Tay-seen-sang’s [Taylor Mr.] genii-like pills one dose. Yoh Yen’s body is sick. His face is red and puffed out. There is all the time much expectoration and cough with difficulty of breathing. The entrance into his stomach is not open [*i. e.*, he cannot eat]. His four limbs are also puffed out. The bones in his side when he coughs are also painful. He cannot lie down long at a time, and is very much confused. He prays you to bestow your spiritual [*i. e.*, efficacious] medicines, for which, when swallowed and he is perfectly recovered, it will be his duty to worship and thank you. The later born, Yoh, entreats.” Later born—*i. e.*, younger, or inferior, is tantamount to “Your obedient servant.”

A second letter from the same man says: "Stooping and praying Tay-seen-sang that he will yet again bestow of his genii-like medicine one dose." Then, after repeating the description of his symptoms contained in the first, he says: "I pray and implore some more of your spirit-like medicine and I shall be perfectly well. Your teacher can make all this as clear as lightning."

In a third letter of similar import, his nearly complete recovery, he calls the remedies "divinely devised, mysterious medicines." The poor fellow was a cabinetmaker from Ning-po, a large seaport city about one hundred and fifty miles southwest of Shanghai. He was in a truly pitiable condition when the Doctor first saw him, but he went home nearly well, taking some Christian books and tracts which he had given him. The gratuitous medical relief he had experienced was also a powerful argument in favor of the religious truths constantly pressed upon his attention, and this was found to be universally the case.

LABORING UNDER DISADVANTAGES.

The writer in his medical practice, subsidi-

ary to his preaching and teaching, labored under great disadvantages. Having no separate building, not even a room in his dwelling that could be used exclusively for hospital purposes, he made his study also serve the purpose of a dispensary, having his medicines on shelves in one corner. His studies and specific missionary work forbade his engaging in an out-of-door practice, as it would have taken all his time to visit patients. His labors, therefore, in this department were greatly circumscribed; and yet in scores of cases the bodily relief afforded opened the way for the inculcation of Christian truth, and secured for it favorable consideration that it would not otherwise have received. His medical equipment also procured access to some in the higher classes whom he could not otherwise have reached, and in all such cases he accompanied the administration of remedies for healing the body with words, both spoken and printed, for healing the soul. It is reasonable to hope that some of those who were thus relieved afterwards renounced their idolatrous superstitions and practices and were eventually brought to a saving belief in Christ. By all means, then, let medical

mission work be encouraged and increased as a most valuable adjunct to the direct preaching of the gospel in heathen lands.

RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES.

Mrs. Taylor's health having failed, she was prevailed upon to return to this country in company with some other missionaries, with the hope that the voyage might restore her health. Dr. Taylor remained at his work two years longer, when the great Tai-ping Rebellion seriously interrupted all missionary work. Learning at the same time that his wife's health had not substantially improved, he reluctantly left the field, and sailed from Shanghai October 1, 1853, just five years from the date of his arrival, landing in New York April 12, 1854.

In 1856 he was made professor in the Spartanburg Female College, and in 1857 President of that institution. In 1858 he was elected by the General Conference the first Sunday School Secretary of the M. E. Church, South. From 1861 to 1865 he was a presiding elder in the South Carolina Conference. In 1866 he was elected the first President of the Wesleyan College, of Kentucky. After a very suc-

cessful presidency of four years, preferring the pastoral work, he resigned and continued in the pastoral work up to the year before his death, filling out a half century of active work. He died at Courtland, Ala., February 5, 1897.

ESTIMATE OF LIFE AND WORK.

Dr. D. C. Kelley has contributed the following testimonial: "For the acquisition of language Dr. Taylor had a talent so marked as to approach genius. He was recognized by both Chinamen and missionaries as the best master of the spoken language in Shanghai at the time he left there. When we remember the markedly distinguished group of missionaries in that station then, this is a very high compliment. Dr. Yates, of the Baptist Mission, surpassed him possibly in speaking, but Dr. Taylor not only spoke easily, but had done far more work in writing, and that of the best quality. His excellent common sense led him to publish both his 'Catechism' and 'Harmony of the Gospels' in the Shanghai colloquial dialect. Chinese scholars and a majority of the missionaries looked upon such a work at that date with the same contempt (or even greater) that the scholars of the fifteenth

century regarded writing in the spoken dialect of Europe. Latin, at the date mentioned, was alone held to be fitting for use by the European scholar. Vung-Le (classified Chinese) was held in the very highest scholastic reverence by the Chinese and pedantic foreign students in the earlier years of missionary effort."

WISE PIONEERING.

To-day a very large majority of missionaries recognize the value of pioneer work done by Dr. Taylor in his publications, as well as the extrinsic excellence of the same. His two books have been invaluable through all these years of missionary success, and his example marked the line along which our most successful work has been done. Not in this respect alone did Dr. Taylor prove his fitness for missionary work. He chose wisely his place of residence, and began along what experience has proved to be the best path of success—viz., combining schools and medical work with preaching the word. He had no means in hand, as other missionaries had, to buy and build a church in the city; so he placed his little chapel in the corner of his yard, near

a bridge which concentrated the travel between the city and certain populous regions of the country, which gave him the next best opportunity for work. His home he had located in the midst of a thickly settled Chinese neighborhood, which brought him in daily contact with the natives. A home in the foreign community would have been far more pleasant socially, but much less effective for missionary work.

Dr. Taylor's warmth of heart and gentleness of manner gave him easy access to the hearts of the people, whose customs are all of the most conservative type. He was, in social influence, an ideal missionary. No man of his day was so personally attractive to the Chinaman. His style of preaching was on the highest Eastern model—simple, painstaking, full of illustrations, tender, without self-assertion or fiery exhortation. To comprehend all in a single phrase, missionary work in such a field as China was the throne of his power.

It is only when one studies the situation in the light of the almost insuperable difficulties of those early days that the results of fifty years' work become not simply apparent but really magnificent. Beginning with nothing

in 1840 in a strange city and in a heathen land, almost without books, and unable to speak, read, or write the most difficult language on earth, we can review the achievements of our missionaries and say with Morse, "Behold what God hath wrought!"

STATISTICS.

In this, the greatest and most difficult of all mission fields, a half century of sowing is now to be followed by a century of reaping.

Organized in 1886 into an Annual Conference, we now have: Missionaries (including wives), 33; native traveling preachers, 15; members, 934 (deceased, 23); Sunday schools, 29; scholars, 1,712; Epworth Leagues, 18; members, 599; organized Churches, 27; Churches entirely self-supporting, 3; boarding schools, 2; pupils, 264; day schools, 8; pupils, 153; hospital, 1; dispensaries, 2; patients treated, 16,462; total collections, \$1,-416.55; total value of mission property, \$195,-932.50.



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